



Prince Mohammad, moving his court from Saudi Arabia to London in search of legal ruling

Prince Mohammad bin Fahd, one of the key players in the murky Jonathan Aitken saga, last month lodged one of the largest writs ever seen in the High Court. Over 12 years, he alleges, some £144 million was plundered from his bank accounts. And now he wants it back.

Report: Luke Harding, Owen Bowcott, David Pallister, Jamie Wilson, Clare Longrigg and Christopher Elliott



Said Ayas, from student to multi-millionaire with fashionable houses and a palatial yacht, and (below) Prince Mohammad's claims of how Ayas plundered royal coffers

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION
COMMERCIAL COURT

BETWEEN

HRH PRINCE MOHAMAD BIN FAHAD BIN
ABDULAZIZ AL SAUD

- and -

- (1) SAID MOHAMED AYAS
- (2) DANIELE MARIE AYAS
- (3) MARK RAYMOND VERE NICOLL
- (4) THE VERE NICOLL PARTNERSHIP (A FIRM)
- (5) GENEROTTE MANAGEMENT SA
- (6) LEONARD LUGSDIN
- (7) NAYLA BOHSALI
- (8) MAY BOHSALI
- (9) HOUDA ABDEL RAHMAN
- (10) LUCIEN FRAU



On the trail of a prince's missing millions

Staff face court demand for cash

AFTER a congenial break in the Bahamas last Easter, Prince Mohammad bin Fahd awoke one morning and realised some of his money was missing. As one of the world's richest men — and the son of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia — he could be forgiven for overlooking the odd £100,000. But the situation, as his accountants coolly informed him, was much graver. Some £221 million (\$144 million), it transpired, had vanished from his accounts between 1985 and 1997. And remarkably, the prince, who was fond of tennis, chocolate cake and hounds (not necessarily in that order), appeared not to have noticed.

Back in the governor's residence in Al Khobar, Dhahran, where he presided over Saudi Arabia's oil-rich eastern province, the prince realised he was in trouble. On paper, he was still fabulously rich. But informed sources suggest the prince had overreached himself, and was not as financially buoyant as he once was. His legendary abilities to find ways to spend millions of dollars a week, his huge entourage and fewer opportunities for siphoning off money from oil deals had taken a heavy toll. Perhaps some banks were getting restless about money he owed them. It may have prompted his aides to make a closer survey of his assets than usual. Someone, he concluded, had been hacking large chunks off his huge petro-dollar fortune.

His suspicions fell immediately on Said Ayas, who worked as the prince's right-hand man and business manager. Thirty years with the prince had transformed Ayas — a dapper, elfin figure born in Lebanon — from a humble medical student into a multi-millionaire who owned lavish properties in London, Paris,

Houston, Geneva and Riyadh, as well as a £20 million yacht, the Katamarino.

Much of this, the prince maintained, was bought using his money and he wanted the Katamarino in recompense. He also wanted Ayas's home, where he lived in some splendour with his French wife Daniele, and their five children, at 40 Hyde Park Gate in Knightsbridge, central London, together with a declaration that he, Mohammad, owned another three flats registered to Ayas in the same block. And he wanted back the £231 million, which Ayas had allegedly siphoned off from the prince's bank accounts in London, Geneva, Cannes and Munich.

Where, then, had the money

Ayas, meanwhile, according to his solicitor Mark Raphael, the founder of the firm which successfully represented Kevin Maxwell, is preparing to "strenuously defend" himself against all of the prince's allegations. It is possible Ayas will argue that the missing cash was used to settle the prince's vast gambling debts. As his right-hand man, Ayas frequently settled bills for the prince and his travelling entourage.

Remarkably, one name is missing from the writ. It is that of Jonathan Aitken, the former Conservative MP and cabinet minister whose libel action against the Guardian and Granada television collapsed in a swirl of perjury last summer. This is surprising. Aitken, after all, worked as Prince Mohammad's London "fixer" for more than 20 years and was a close member of his circle. The former chief secretary to the Treasury is good friends with Said Ayas; indeed, Ayas is godfather to Aitken's teenage daughter Victoria.

Where, then, had the money gone?
According to the prince, it vanished into the bank accounts of 25 of Ayas's family and friends, and into associated firms

gone? According to the prince, whose writ was lodged with the London High Court on December 9, the cash had vanished into the bank accounts of 25 of Ayas's family and friends, and into associated companies, who appear in the writ as co-defendants.

THE defendants include Abdul Rahman, Ayas's nephew, whom Jonathan Aitken used when constructing a highly fanciful story to explain the payment of his notorious hotel bill at the Paris Ritz in September 1993. The cash also disappeared into Panamanian shipping companies and shadow offshore firms in the Caribbean and Guernsey.

toria. Such is the bond between them, Ayas corroborated, Aitken's demonstrably false account of who paid his Paris Ritz hotel bill.

Two other players in the rumbling Aitken saga are named as co-defendants: Mark Vere Nicoll, an old Etonian who advised Ayas on legal matters, and Leonard Lugsdin, a Canadian business consultant, involved in a telecommunications deal which reportedly earned the prince \$500 million in commission in 1977.

Despite Aitken's curious omission, the writ throws new light over his infamous weekend at the Paris Ritz in September 1993. That Aitken lied on oath about his trip — by claiming his wife Lolita

paid his hotel bill when she was, in fact, in Switzerland — is well-known. More baffling, however, is the fact that Mrs Aitken flew back to London 10 hours later than her husband on Monday September 20, 1993. Why not fly back together? They had spent the night in Switzerland, almost certainly with the Ayases at their Geneva home.

Buried in the appendix attached to the writ, detailing hundreds of bank transactions across the world, is an illuminating entry. The writ alleges that Said Ayas helped himself to \$711,000 from the prince's account at the Union Bank of Switzerland that morning.

ON THE Monday in question, Aitken was obliged to return early from what had been officially described as his "private trip" for a bracing tour of Scottish military bases. The inevitable suspicion remains that Lolita deliberately delayed her departure until Said Ayas had visited the bank. A mere coincidence? We do not know. There is no doubt, however, that Aitken's relationship with Said Ayas had long been a mutually profitable one. And Lolita, it emerged last summer, was not averse to courting large sums of US dollars in her handbag.

The writ provides dramatic evidence of just what can happen when old friends fall out. Last June, Said Ayas was placed under house arrest by an enraged Prince Mohammad, who blamed him for the parlous state of the royal finances. Ayas was incarcerated at a house in Dhahran, with two armed guards and a television for company. At one stage he disappeared into a Saudi prison, emerging, shaken, a few days later. Last autumn he allegedly escaped, dressed as a woman. Mr Ayas now appears to be back at his home in Hyde Park Gate.

Yesterday, cooking smells wafted down the corridor from his third-floor apartment, and the echo of children's voices could be heard

down an entrance lobby decorated with tasteful paintings. A Chinese minder, seemingly employed for his kuog-fu skills, insisted Mr Ayas was "away". Mrs Ayas, meanwhile, was "busy".

Over at Kirdford, West Sussex, in a farm surrounded by rolling countryside dotted with woodland, Mark Vere Nicoll was also "not at home", according to his wife. His firm, the Vere Nichol Partnership, is also named on

the prince's writ. The main entrance of the company is sealed off by a remote, electronically-operated five-bar gate.

In Sardinia, Lucien Frau the prince's Swiss chauffeur and housekeeper, says he knows little about the writ. Besides, he is only "a poor man" (although the writ's detailed schedule says he withdrew \$230,000 from the prince's account in September 1990). He denies any wrongdoing.

Meanwhile, in Port Vauhan, Antibes, the Katamarino has been moored for more than a year. "Mr Ayas used to be the owner but now I'm confused," its watchman, Patrick, said yesterday.

Saudi royals often have rows with their advisers. Rarely, though, do they sue them in the embarrassingly high-profile arena of the High Court in London. The prince's barrister, Craig Orr, and solicitor, Ian Taylor, refused to

comment yesterday. But other legal experts say recovering the £221 million will be a tricky business. The action, which will be heard in private, could grind on and on. Jonathan Aitken, meanwhile, whose spirit bovers over every page of the extraordinary legal documents while the Metropolitan police investigation into his High Court debacle continues interminably.



If you're a Jack Daniel's drinker you'd like to hear from you. How about dropping us a line at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352 USA.

THESE OLD BOTTLES go back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to observe special occasions.

One was for winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair. And another, in 1896, on the 100th anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even had his nephew make a special bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville. But when it came to whiskey, Mr Jack insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to change that, no matter what the occasion.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



I was rather busy at the time, and when someone from Gateshead rang me up and said, "Look we would like you to take this seriously," my reply was, "I don't do roundabout art."

Artist Anthony Gormley on Britain's biggest sculpture

The Week, page 18

4 BRITAIN

Some lessons face axe as schools told to focus on basics

John Carvel
Education Editor

PRI-MARY schools will be allowed to drop most of their lessons in history, geography, art, music and physical education as part of a radical plan being prepared by ministers to concentrate maximum effort on the basics of literacy and numeracy.

David Blunkett, the Education and Employment Secretary, is expected to announce next week that schools should focus their energies on delivering a core curriculum of English, maths, science and information technology.

He is understood to have accepted advice from Chris Woodhead, the chief inspector of schools, that the Government will not achieve its ambitious education targets for 11-year-olds if it does not give teachers more freedom to prune the current broadly-based curriculum.

The move comes close to abandoning a commitment by Conservative ministers that there would be no changes in the national curriculum until 2000. That promise was made in order to give teachers an assurance of stability after Sir Ron Dearing settled a curriculum war which brought chaos in the classroom in 1994.

Mr Blunkett is expected to argue that he is not changing the statutory obligations on schools to deliver Sir Ron's nine-subject syllabus, plus a compulsory modicum of religious education. Teachers of children aged five to 11 will still be expected to "have regard to" the detailed study programmes laid down by the



Chris Woodhead: warned targets were in jeopardy

Government's curriculum advisers.

But there will be no requirement on teachers to follow these programmes in full and no criticism from Mr Woodhead's school inspectors if the amount of time spent on the "minor" subjects is reduced to a bare minimum.

Although the details have still to be worked out, this looks like a formula to give maximum discretion to heads and governing bodies. Some are likely to retain the present timetable to avoid disruption, but others may decide to concentrate almost exclusively on meeting the literacy and numeracy targets on which their schools are assessed.

The proposals are likely to be welcomed by teacher unions, which have argued that the broad curriculum is hard to deliver in the time available. But they could increase problems for secondary schools serving 20 or

more feeder primaries if entrants at 11 get different educational experiences, some of them neglecting history, geography and other "minor" subjects.

The decision looks like a victory for Mr Woodhead over Chris Tate, chief executive of the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority, who has been warning ministers not to abandon a commitment to "breadth and richness" in primary education.

Shortly after the election, ministers promised there would be "no quick fixes" in changing the curriculum before the scheduled date in 2000. But they have staked the Government's political reputation on achieving a big increase in 11-year-olds' literacy and numeracy skills by the next election.

The proportion reaching the target level in English is meant to rise from 57 per cent in 1996 to 80 per cent by 2002. The proportion reaching the standard expected of their age in maths is supposed to rise from 55 per cent to 75 per cent over the same period.



Minister without portfolio Peter Mandelson, seen in a private but grimacing from Kalligraphy, West Yorkshire, after inspecting a seam 2,000ft below ground yesterday. Mr Mandelson spent two hours on the tour with Richard Budge, head of owners P.B. Mining and installed 'This is an industry with a future.' PHOTOGRAPH: ASADOUR GUZELIAN

Chancellor and Blair 'fought over top taxes'

Seumas Milne
Labour Editor

GORDON Brown clashed with Tony Blair both over his unsuccessful demand for a top rate of tax of 50 per cent on incomes over £100,000 and over the extent of Labour's utility windfall tax, according to the forthcoming biography of the Chancellor written with his "full co-operation".

But while Mr Brown backed down over a new tax band for the well-off at a secret meeting at Mr Blair's home in the run-up to the election, he got his way over a more ambitious tax on the super profits of the privatised monopolies.

Mr Brown's press secretary, Charlie Whelan, yesterday denied the book, Gordon Brown: The Biography — which was put on sale prematurely in Glasgow — was "authorised".

He also insisted that Mr Brown had refused to talk about the bitter events surrounding Tony Blair's rise to power at the future Chancellor's expense.

But Mr Brown is quoted directly speaking about the problems of the leadership race. And Mr Whelan has conceded the co-operation claimed in the book, whose author, Paul Routledge, was given full access to the Chancellor, his family, and aides.

The book reveals that Tony Blair was "not happy" about Mr Brown's desire to take his entire "inner cabinet" of Charlie Whelan, Ed Balls, Ed Miliband and Sue Nye with him to the Treasury last year.

Labour sources claim Mr Blair was particularly concerned about Mr Whelan, but the Chancellor got his way.

The biography quotes an "observer" of the Blair-Brown relationship saying that the Chancellor "regards himself entirely as Tony's equal" and describes an incident when Mr Blair went into Mr Brown's office and found him on the telephone.

"Instead of making his excuses and putting down the telephone to speak to his boss, Brown carried on his conversation and kept Blair waiting until he had finished."

The success of parliamentary candidates linked with Mr Brown — rather than with Mr Blair — is also highlighted in the biography, due to be published next month.

Commenting on the selection of Yvette Cooper — partner of Mr Brown's economics adviser, Ed Balls — for the safe seat of Pontefract and Castleford, in preference to Mr Blair's economics adviser, Derek Scott, the author comments: "Being close to Gordon Brown was clearly less of an impediment in traditionalist circles than proximity to the leader himself."

The Chancellor's various spats and rivalries with other ministers are recounted.

Foreign Secretary Robin Cook is described as a man who would "cross the road to have a fight with Brown" and John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister is said to have been "sniping" at the future Chancellor in a political turf war.

Senior Labour figures yesterday expressed bemusement as to why the Chancellor and his "camp" had co-operated with the book. "Having lost the last leadership election," one said, "they show every sign of preparing for the next one."

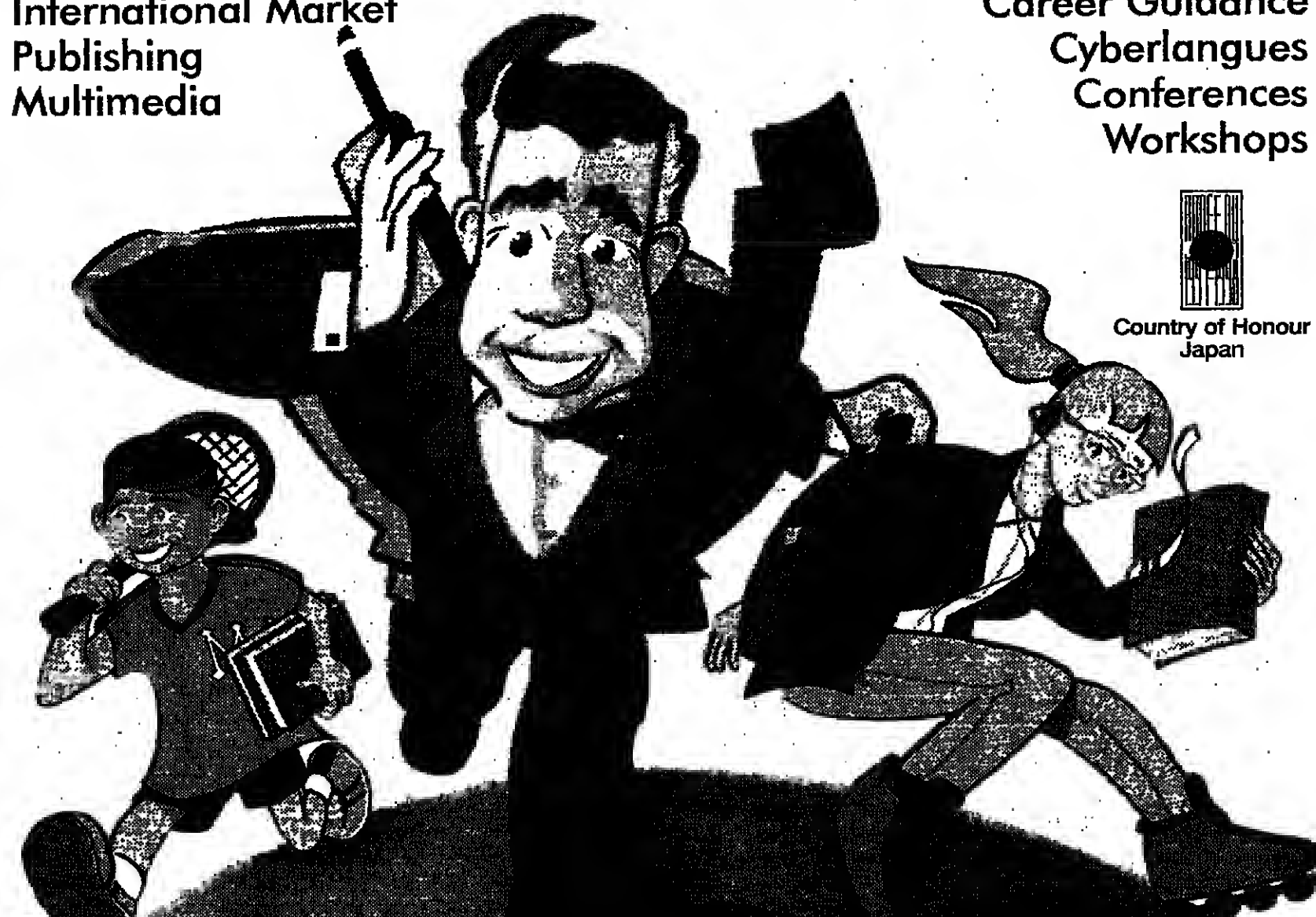
Letters, page 8

expolangues

EXHIBITION FOR LANGUAGES AND INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES

Language Learning & Teaching
Language Study Abroad
Translation
Training for the
International Market
Publishing
Multimedia

Work Experience and
Employment Abroad
Assessment of
Linguistic skills
Career Guidance
Cyberlangues
Conferences
Workshops



Country of Honour
Japan

28 January
1 February
1998

Grande Halle de la Villette • Paris • France

Opening Hours for the General Public: Thursday 29 January through Saturday 31 January from 10.00 a.m. to 7.00 p.m.
• Sunday 1 February 10.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. • Trade Day: Wednesday 28 January 9.30 a.m. - 9.30 p.m.

For more information contact: Reed-OIP - 11, rue du Colonel Pierre avia - BP 571 - 75726 Paris Cedex 15 - France
Tel. +33 (0)1 41 90 47 60 - Fax +33 (0)1 41 90 47 69 • <http://expolangues.reed-oip.fr>

Ski Hotline

The latest snow and weather reports from 200+ resorts in Europe and North America.

By phone, call:
0891 002 006

By fax, call:
(from the handset of your fax machine)
0897 500 636

For a full list of 200+ resorts & codes, call:
0990 393 305

CALLS TO 0891 NOC. COST 50P PER MIN AT ALL TIMES. CALLS TO 0897 5 NOC. COST £1 PER MIN. CALLS TO 0990 NOC ARE CHARGED AT BT NATIONAL RATES.
A PRODUCT OF NEWTEL, 36 WINDMILL STREET, G3 5AZ.
TELEPHONE: 0990 123 345

TheGuardian INTERACTIVE

سكيا هاتل

Sir Michael Tippett

Shaping the harmonies of our time

FOR a long time, Sir Michael Tippett, who has died aged 93, languished under the shadow of Benjamin Britten. Britten, eight years his junior, was a musical prodigy, lauded in his teens, widely appreciated after the success of his opera *Peter Grimes* in 1934, and remaining prolific and popular up to his death in 1976. By contrast, Tippett, a late developer, was a slow, deliberate composer who won acceptance gradually. International fame came only in his late sixties. What distinguished the rest of his career was a prolonged Indian summer: for Tippett continued to write major new pieces until he was almost 90, breaking new ground, moreover, with each one. Blessed with seemingly unremitting physical, creative and intellectual vitality, he became an almost legendary figure on the musical scene. His oratorio, *A Child of Our Time* (1938-41) — a moving assertion of humanitarianism in an epoch of catastrophe — acquired eventually the status of an icon.

Throughout his long life, Tippett ran against the grain of received British opinion. His early conclusion that music and the arts were fundamentally international and rejected (as did Britten) the then prevalent mode of nationalistic folk-music-based composition championed by Vaughan Williams.

Tippett was a pluralist: a humanist who eschewed dogma; a socialist and pacifist; a Jungian who felt art was basically collective and archetypal; a visionary with a capacity to blend the most disparate ingredients: Beethoven, pre-classical counterpoint, jazz and gamelan music — within a single work, he it his exuberant *First Piano Sonata* (1936) or his bitter-sweet *Triple Concerto* (1979). Thus, his largest-scale work — notably, the five operas and three major choral works — were all attempts at creative synthesis at different points in his career. Preferring these summative pieces, or developing out of them, were Tippett's four symphonies, five string quartets, five piano sonatas, concertos, songs and numerous shorter instrumental and choral works. Taken as a whole, however, this oeuvre had a consistent and distinctively modern stamp.

Tippett wrote little that could be called "experimental". His friend and mentor, T.S. Eliot, said that for him, as a poet, "the words come last"; likewise, with Tippett the notes came last, following upon a lengthy period of gestation and structural planning. His sense of the line and shape of a piece was such that in his maturity he invariably wrote from beginning to end in sequence, sending each completed section to his publishers confident that there would be no need for significant revisions. Tippett's quirky, maverick musical personality sometimes distracted attention from his assured craftsmanship.

Tippett was a member of any artistic coterie, not the centre of one. He stood aside from trends and fashions. As a student, he was overpowered by the humanistic idealism of Beethoven's music; and he took structural models from Beethoven's compositions throughout his career. A second strand in Tippett's musical make-up derived from his early discovery of polyphonic music, especially Elizabethan madrigals. A linear approach to composition became a distinctive trait in his work.

Although unsympathetic to nationalism, Tippett defied in all kinds of ways to enrich his own style. The folk songs of his early (unpublished) ballad operas were later put to good use in his lively tongue-in-cheek *Suite for the Birthday of Prince Charles* (1948); in his fifth opera, *New Year* (1965-68), he embraced the sonorous and rhythms of rap and reggae. His early encounter with jazz and blues, above all, convinced him that music retained a universal expressive potential, albeit tinged with irony. In his *Third* (and longest) *Symphony* (1972), Tippett polarised Beethoven and the blues: the work within a sequence of soaring vocal lines, sketching a journey from in-



Seer and dreamer... Tippett combined social concern and pacifism with a Jungian mysticism, all of which are reflected in his compositions

PHOTOGRAPH: NEIL LIBBERT

nocence to experience in a world of concentration camps and atom bombs.

Tippett was born in London and grew up in Suffolk. His intellectuality was nurtured in early childhood by his highly articulate, well-read (and equally long-lived) parents. From his lawyer father, Tippett inherited a fascination with languages. As a child, he quickly became fluent in French and taught himself Italian and German as a student. From his mother — a nurse, active Labour Party member and a suffragette (for which she was imprisoned) — he derived notions of collective social responsibility, humane values and ultimately pacifism. Tippett's musical awareness, however, was negligible until his teens.

He was a visionary with a capacity to blend Beethoven, jazz, and gamelan music within a single work

He was sent to board at Fettes School, Edinburgh, where he led a successful crusade against bullying, then to Stamford Grammar School, holidaying in Germany in the 1920s, he observed the "progressive" methods of schools for destitute children; decades later, this experience was re-awakened when he came to write his opera *New Year*, in whose plot the problems of orphaned, uprooted young people are in the foreground.

His parents found incomprehensible his determination to become a composer. In 1926, he attended in Leicester conducted by Malcolm Sargent. Having persuaded them to support him at the Royal College of Music, however, Tippett came to London in the summer of 1928. But he lacked the fluency and versatility of his fellow-students and his teachers, who included Sargent and Adrian Boult, often despaired.

Tippett got his degree at the second attempt and then left London for the country to have peace to compose. This became a rule thereafter, despite the public appearances and jet-setting of later years. Conducting the *Oxford* and *Limpfield Players* in Surrey, and teaching French at Hazelwood Preparatory School, where he met and worked

with Christopher Fry on school operas and plays, Tippett accumulated enough compositions for a concert at the Barn Theatre, Oxford, in 1930. But this only convinced him that he needed more training in order to exorcise other composers' influences and discover his own voice. So he undertook a further 18 months' tuition with the noted counterpoint expert, R.O. Morris. The rigorous discipline this entailed and a first, passionate love-affair, combined to draw from him the first work he would later regard as entirely his own — *String Quartet No 1* (1934).

During the Depression, Tippett worked among the unemployed in the north of England, galvanising a mixture of out-of-work miners and their families, students and friends for performances of *The Beggar's Opera* and a specially composed ballad opera, *Robin Hood*. Subsequently, he conducted a London orchestra famous mainly from their service as a conscientious objector. This, in his mother's view, was his finest hour. Over the years, Tippett became one of foremost leaders of the British pacifist movement — president of the Peace Pledge Union and a CND supporter. His identification with human rights causes in general was ultimately crystallised in the rhetorical cry of the Present, "One humanity, one justice," at the end of *New Year*.

As a student, Tippett accepted his homosexual leanings without qualm. By this time, his family life had disintegrated. His parents were unable, during the first world war, to draw upon the revenue from the hotel his father owned in Cannes — went to live on the continent and his elder brother, Peter, went into the Navy. Thereafter, Tippett yearned for the warmth he observed within the families of working-class friends. With his charm, charisma and good looks, Tippett attracted many female admirers. Two became very close friends: Evelyn Maude, an older married woman and a regular source of wise counsel (in prison, allowed to

write letters to only one person, Tippett chose her); and Francesca Allinson, a choral conductor, folk-song researcher and puppeteer, with whom he considered starting a family. The latter's suicide in 1944 prompted one of Tippett's most poignant compositions, the one-cycle *The Heart's Assurance*. Tippett's lifetime through this tangled web of personal relationships and the difficulties caused by his devotion to creative work was the writings of Jung. Briefly he underwent Jungian analysis and continued analysing all his dreams for about nine months. Just before the outbreak of war in 1939, with a dream of death by strangulation, he thought the analysis had achieved its goal.

Few of Tippett's close relationships survived his ruthless creative obsession: one of the longest lasting, with painter Karl Hawker, ended with a contrived separation and the latter's suicide. Tippett's personal turmoil coincided with the rise of Nazism in Central Europe and Stalinism in the Soviet Union. Following Jung, he interpreted the violence of the period and the war that followed as projections of one society's "shadow" on to another: a view he held to, later, in the context of the Cold War. Tippett identified strongly with those made scapegoats by intolerance and self-righteousness. That was the inspiration underlying his oratorio, *A Child of Our Time*, which began as an opera about the Easter Uprising in Ireland, but gelled as a protest against the 1938 Kristallnacht in Nazi Germany. Tippett asked Eliot — whom he had recently met — to

write the text; but Eliot, having looked at Tippett's draft libretto, advised him to construct his own text in full, as the poet's literary flights might conflict with the composer's musical concepts. After that, Tippett always fashioned his own libretto.

Aiming for dramatic and lucidity in *A Child of Our Time*, Tippett took Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *Passions* as his main models. Clinging to the emotional impact of the work at five key stages, he incorporated negro spirituals (replacing the Lutheran chorales Bach would have used); and this proved a brilliant play, helping to give the work great expressive breadth.

At its premiere in 1944, *A Child of Our Time* was understood primarily as a response to the Nazi persecution of the Jews. But its message — summed up in the final scene in characteristically Jungian language: "I would know my shadow and my light/So shall I at last be whole" — suits all situations where intolerance has thrown up victims and outcasts. *A Child of Our Time* was the first work of Tippett to be heard outside the UK: now it is constantly performed worldwide.

The oratorio's success in the mid-1940s helped Tippett's reputation to prosper. Meanwhile, he was attracting attention by making *Morley College* — whose casual director he had become in 1941 — the most lively concert-giving organisation in wartime London. The Morley College Choir was broadcast by the BBC and (under Tippett) made a historic recording of Tallis's 40-part motet *Spem in Alium*. During Tippett's period at Morley, the Amateur Quartet was formed and the counter tenor Alfred Deane emerged from obscurity.



Teacher... Tippett took a leading role in musical education

Instigating a Purcell revival, Tippett found kindred spirits in Britten and Pears, who had just returned from the US. They premiered Tippett's cantata, *Boyhood's End* (1943) and participated in other Morley concerts.

After the war, Tippett's priority was his first opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, which absorbed his energies completely for six years (1946-52). Gradually relinquishing his Morley College duties, he finally resigned in 1951. When, unexpectedly for he had no commission to write it, the opera was premiered at Covent Garden in 1955, audiences and critics, though baffled by the libretto, were bowled over by the score's unfettered lyrical ardour and ardour. In 1950 the BBC broadcast *The Midsummer Marriage* with a cast that included the young Janet Baker as Sosestris. A new production at Covent Garden followed in 1966 with Colin Davis as conductor, leading eventually to a best-selling recording. There have since been more than a dozen productions at home and abroad, all of which have attracted varying mixtures of praise, scepticism and scorn.

The main glories against Tippett's operas have always been directed at the libretto — quirky, magpie-like mixtures of references and quotations (emulating *The Waste Land*) — despite the composer's insistence that they were meant not to be read as "literature", but as "gestures for music". Tippett brought to the opera house something of the innovative zeal associated with contemporary playwrights and novelists. All his operas are studies in the nuances of human behaviour: there are never any standard heroes and villains, rarely a straightforward story-line. The masque-like interaction of mortals and immortals in *The Midsummer Marriage* is continued in different ways in Tippett's subsequent operas. Techniques absorbed from television and film helped Tippett control the pace and focus of this multi-level cross-cutting between the actual, the imaginary and the symbolic.

The path to the international fame Tippett enjoyed in his late years was fraught with difficulties. As well as *The Midsummer Marriage* a number of Tippett's compositions in the 1950s had troublesome premieres. His *Piano Concerto* was rejected as unplayable by its designated soloist, Julius Katchen; his *Second Symphony* broke down under Boult and the *Fantasia*

Concertante on a Theme of Corelli was dismissed as cerebral by Malcolm Sargent (now there are 14 recordings of it). Eventually Tippett was to find more sympathetic interpreters — conductors such as Colin Davis, David Atherton, Andrew Davis and, among the most recent generation, Paul Daniel; his piano sonatas were championed by Paul Crossley (who premiered the third and fourth and recorded them all); the Lindsay Quartet proved staunch advocates of his string quartets.

It was a brilliant production by Sam Wanamaker at the 1962 Coventry Festival of Tippett's second opera, the epic-style *King Priam*, that began to turn the tide in his favour, though its abrasive Brechtian dramaturgy and

Tippett drew strength from a sense of belonging to a tradition, age-old and ever present

mosaic orchestration initially disconcerted those won over by the lyrical effulgence of *The Midsummer Marriage*. In the mid-1960s, Tippett inherited the Bath Festival from Yehudi Menuhin, saved it from bankruptcy and widened its scope and audience appeal. Honours began to flow in: a CBE in 1959, and knighthood in 1966; he was made a Companion of Honour in 1979 and received the Order of Merit in 1981. He valued most of all the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society (1975) and awards such as that of the Association of British Orchestras (1966) which, he felt, came from "my colleagues in the profession".

Tippett was always strongly committed to musical education and his stint as guest conductor with Leicester Schools Symphony Orchestra (1965-70) proved exemplary. Right into his eighties, he conducted or attended concerts by other youth orchestras. An extension of this was the setting up of Tippett's own charitable foundation — to support education projects and contemporary music tours — in 1979, funded then and after from the sale of his musical manuscripts to the British Library.

Tippett's first visit to the US in 1965 as composer-in-residence at the Aspen Festival, Colorado was a major turning-point. He fell in love with the landscapes of the Far West and identified with the polyglot culture of the cities. America also took to Tippett in a big way. American commissions followed: the *Fourth Symphony* (1977) and *Elysium* (1989) were premiered by Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony; *The Mask of Time* was premiered by Colin Davis in Boston; and Boston, together with the Toronto and London symphony orchestras, jointly commissioned *The Rose Lake* (1983), while Houston Opera, Glyndebourne and the BBC commissioned *New Year*.

Tippett's success in America led to numerous invitations elsewhere, and in his seventies and eighties he undertook three world tours, conducting and attending festivals of his music all over the Far East, Australia and Brazil. Belatedly, his music began to attract real attention in Europe. All this activity provided him with opportunities for exotic holidays; and right to the end, his delight in exploration and adventure abroad remained insatiable, his travel stories proving one of the great attractions of his autobiography, *Those Twentieth Century Blues* (1991).

Tippett's "discovery" of what he called "a Newfoundland of the spirit" in America also permeated his music from the mid-1960s onwards. Immediately, his third opera, *The Knot Garden* (1970), uncovered a new toughness and irony in his music; its harmonic character bluesy, its orchestration coloured by electric guitar sonorities. The scores and libretti of *The Ice Break* (1977) and *New Year* went even further. All three operas are, explicitly, about people of today, grappling with contemporary problems and leaving at the end to begin new lives. There are parallels to these operatic endings in those of Tippett's abstract works, in which he eschewed bombastic perorations, instead favouring throwaway gestures.

Tippett was a mixture of seer and dreamer. Both are accounted in the two great choral compositions of his maturity, *King Priam* and *King Lear* (1966) and *The Mask of Time* (1983). The former brings to the fore Tippett's fascination with concepts of time — above all, with the possibility that art is concerned with experiences at a virtual time-continuum: detached from everyday clock-time. Setting Latin texts from Augustine's *Confessions*, Tippett produced a typically unclassifiable work; whose themes move forward with complete organic freedom and inward momentum.

The Mask of Time was even more ambitious, a musician's answer to the scientific account of the development of civilisation. In *King Lear*, Bronowski's celebration of the series, *The Ascent of Man* (1973). An awesome conception, its 10 movements, lasting altogether 86 minutes, depict, in broad chronological leaps, the evolution of the universe and the constant defiance of destructive forces ending with a wordless song of survival and hope.

Observing often — notably in his first volume of essays, *Moving into Aquarius* (1989) — that the artist is relatively powerless in a society that invests the greater part of its resources in technology, Tippett drew strength from a sense of belonging to a tradition, age-old and ever-present, which is the wrote, memorable "to create images from the depths of the imagination, and to give them form whether visual, intellectual or musical... Images of the past, shapes of the future, images of vigour for a decadent period, images of calm for one too violent. Images of reconciliation for worlds torn by division. And in an age of mediocrity and shattered dreams, images of abundance, generous, exuberant beauty." Tippett's integrity as an artist and his humanitarian commitment made him one of the most esteemed figures in present-day culture. His absence from the musical scene leaves behind, in consequence, not merely an artistic vacuum but a moral and spiritual one as well.

Michael Bowen

Michael Kamp Tippett, composer, born January 2, 1905; died January 9, 1998

Weekend Birthdays

NOT MANY journalists can match the achievement of Marjorie Wallace, 83 today, in building a multi-million pound charity on the back of a newspaper investigation. But after months of heart-rending interviews with victims of the drug Thalidomide, she turned her fury at the plight of disabled people and their families into setting up the schizophrenia charity, Sane. As its chief executive,



she advocates the contentious view that closing mental hospitals is short-sighted and that families need a break from the stress of (inadequate) care in the community. Born in Karen Blixen's house in Kenya, Wallace broke into the media as David Frost's researcher. She spent 17 years at the *Sunday Times*, producing a stream of articles, books and plays on thalidomide and other disabilities. She can often still be found sleeping rough on the streets, gathering information

in what she describes as the life of a war correspondent in her own country.

Today's other birthdays: Sir Walter Bodmer, FRS, geneticist, 82; Tom Clarke, Labour MP, 81; Sir Arthur Gold, president, Amateur Athletic Association, 81; Sir Derek Hornby, chairman, London and Continental Railways, 68; Clive Jones, chief executive, Carlton Television, 45; Max Roach, jazz drummer, composer, 71; Tony Soper, natural history film director, 59;

Rod Stewart, rock singer, 63; Valerie Strachan, chairman, HM Customs and Excise, 58.

Tomorrow's birthdays: Graham Allen, Labour MP, 45; Sir Alan Bowness, director, Henry Moore Foundation, 70; Anna Calder-Marshall, actress, 51; Brian Moore, rugby player, 36; Sir Alastair Morton, former chairman, Euro-tunnel, 60; Bryan Robson, former England footballer, 41; Arthur Scargill, president, NUM, 60; John Sessions, actor and comedian, 45.

Death Notices

HARTLEY, Elizabeth Mary MBE PhD, Teacher, Dancescript and loyal friend of Cambridge and Oxford died on 29 January 1998. Funeral services to be held at the Cambridge Crematorium at 2.30 pm on Wednesday, 14th January 1998. Family flowers only please.

WANN, Ernest Greenwell, on January 9th 1998, in Devon, aged 92, son of the late Ernest and Clara and twin brother of the late Brian. Formerly Principal Lecturer at Devon Technical College, Faversham, St. Mary's Church, Widdowes, Dorchester on January 10th at 10.30am. Family flowers only. Donations to The Devonshire Free Press Fund c/o J. Sheppard & Sons, 3 Babby Road, Dorchester DN4 0PB (01302 34444).

In Memoriam

OSBORNE, Sheila Dore, Murray, your memory lives in our hearts forever. Amies.

In Memoriam

SIMONDS, Fred, 93, 10.12.97. Much loved and highly respected. Elizabeth, Ann, Kate, Andy, Ann, Nicola, Rebecca, Kim, Jon, Tony, his family and friends.

PAINE, Norman, 1920-1994. Always concerned for others in the midst of all his suffering. Deeply loved. Rosemary and Paul.

Engagements

GARDNER/WALSH, Professor & Mrs Brian Gardner of Leamington announce the engagement of their daughter Claire to Paul, eldest son of Mr & Mrs Joseph Walsh of Liverpool.

To place your announcement telephone 0171 735 4567 or fax 0171 735 4128 between 9am and 5pm Mon-Fri.

Finding hope in the Maze

But where are the people?

MO MOWLAM deserves a loud, hopeful cheer of congratulation. She took a massive gamble and last night it seemed to have paid off. With little regard for precedent, the secretary of state walked into the Maze jail — home to some of the toughest men in Europe — sat down with convicted bombers and murderers, including one who rejoices in the cuddly nickname "Mad Dog," and dared speak of peace. Her powers of persuasion seem to have moved the hardmen. Once she was gone, the Ulster Freedom Fighters' 130 prisoners debated the situation, staged another one of their unsettlingly democratic ballots — and voted to support the peace process they had condemned at the start of the week. In so doing, the UFF have not only removed the earlier threat to the three-year loyalist ceasefire, which had seemed to hang by a thread — they have also allowed their political leaders to return to the Stormont table on Monday, as planned. The peace process, once on the brink of collapse, appears to be back in business.

Dr Mowlam's hour-long meeting with the five leaders of the UFF Maze Battalion could easily have been a disaster. She might have played the ultimate card — offering a face-to-face meeting with the British Government, with all the legitimacy that that implies — only to be rebuffed. If that had happened, she would today stand accused of humiliation in the pursuit of appeasement. But that was not the outcome. Instead Dr Mowlam emerged from an extraordinary morning with the tentative blessing of the UFF, as well as words of encouragement from their loyalist comrades in the Ulster Volunteer Force — and even from the IRA's prisoners in the H-Block next door. Both groups got a drop-by encounter with Dr Mo, rather than a full session. "Keep going," they told her.

Despite the success yesterday some will still feel uncomfortable with the whole episode, much as they might have squirmed at the TV pictures of the Maze men posing in jail with their murals and tattoos, happily chatting to reporters like pressure group activists rather than cold-blooded killers. Many have wondered why Dr Mo went to such lengths to get their approval: how dare the men of violence be rewarded with power of veto over the entire political process? The answer is harsh but simple: because this is not the ideal world, but the real one. Of course, in an ideal world John Hume and David Trimble would sit down together as the leaders of mainstream nationalism and unionism respectively, thrash out an agreement and that would be that — with or without the approval of the paramilitaries. In the real world, such a "deal" would be all but worthless — because terrorists from both sides would simply keep on killing. This is a peace process because it's about ending a war — and that takes the approval of the "armies" on both sides. It's an ugly truth, but war is an ugly business. Mo Mowlam's action yesterday was proof, though none was needed, that she understands her task is not to grapple with a polite dispute over, say, tax or a government budget: this is about life and death. The gunmen have to be in the process; otherwise the whole thing is a sham. Her hint of early release for terrorist prisoners, in the context of an overall settlement, should be seen the same way. What war has not ended without the release of blood-stained killers from the other side?

And yet while the gunmen have made good on their demand for a role in the talks process, one player is conspicuously quiet. The people of Northern Ireland — the men and women invoked by both sides as the ultimate arbiters — have remained curiously silent throughout. There have been no urgent demonstrations, no sudden gestures of people power — no coming together of ordinary citizens to demand their leaders drop this week's threats and get back round the table. This might be a good thing: rather than loudly condemning Dr Mowlam and Mr Trimble for talking to terrorists, maybe people were quietly keeping their fingers crossed, hoping for the best. But the producers of BBC Radio Ulster's daily Talkback phone-in programme, often a virtual alternative version of the peace talks, report no jamming of their switchboard — just a strong sense of "ennui" among their listeners, even "despondency." This is sad news. The people of Northern Ireland need to leave their leaders in no doubt they want peace and they will not tolerate anybody who destroys this, their best chance to get it.

Music for posterity

Sir Michael's work will long be revered

HE WAS ILL before Christmas — at 83, he was, characteristically, over in Sweden attending a festival of his work — yet news of the death of Sir Michael Tippett still came yesterday as a shock: he had seemed, for so long, so indestructible. The visit to Sweden was just one of countless instances where Tippett refused to make concessions to passing years. He celebrated his 90th birthday with a tour of the United States. And he would not allow his great age to deter him from writing. It's probably an idle temptation, though one rarely resisted on these occasions, to try to allot him a place in the pantheon of 20th century British composers. Idle because the ratings the world gives composers often change, sometimes drastically, after their deaths; idle too because private taste and private response has so powerful an influence on the way that audiences assess contemporary music. But the final judgment is likely to be that few were greater. Some of the music — the Concerto for Double Orchestra, for instance — was immediately accessible to all those with the ears and the hearts to absorb it. Other works were adjudged more "difficult" — too difficult, in some cases, for soloists and orchestras, though not nearly so difficult later, in the hands of more gifted conductors than Sargent or Boult.

Tippett was also, though without ostentation, a great public man. His mother went to prison for her suffragette views. While others then more famous fled during the second world war to America, Tippett remained in Britain, as a conscientious objector, and went to jail too, for refusing to conform to the terms which were set for conscientious objection. He championed pacifist causes and marched for nuclear disarmament. His appearances at great musical occasions were greeted with adulation, not least from the young, to whom he always responded so warmly and easily. Sir Michael died full of honours and full of years, leaving behind him music destined to stay in the repertoire as long as classical music survives.

Letters to the Editor

Cleaning up our act

NOW we are reforming the arcane ceremonial rituals of Parliament (State pomp to be stripped of the "ridiculous," January 9) form should follow function. We could perhaps abandon the vestiges of government by aristocracy, which require the monarch to open Parliament in the House of Lords. Let's end the farce whereby the elected representatives of the people scuttle in to the opening ceremony only to find there is standing room for a small minority. The head of state should open Parliament by announcing the legislative programme to both Houses in Westminster Hall, which has more space. Let's also find ways of expressing our need for ceremony in terms other than coronets, ermine cloaks and men in wigs walking backwards. Anne Davies, 4 Sibella Road, London SW4 6EX.

IT is strange that the Home Office should conclude that there is "no evidence" to link the watching of violent film and video images with subsequent behaviour (Report, January 8). It is true that its own study is weak in its conclusions, chiefly because its subjects were shown obscure videos which were not part of mainstream popular culture. Our study found children who repeatedly watched the same violent movie from an 18-rated film and who though it "would be really cool to pull the trigger on someone." The 1994 study by the Professional Association of Teachers found hundreds of school staff citing the influence of popular film/video on pupils. The most important conclusion from these studies was to identify the encouragement given by film and video images to a children's culture which neglects the victim and celebrates power, violence and control over others. This is what should be investigated by the Home Office. Dr Greg Philo, Media Unit, Glasgow University.

SURELY the most intriguing aspect of Dr Seed's plan to commence cloning human beings (Can on human cloning urged, January 8) is that, in a large majority of cases, the "parent" will be infertile for genetic reasons. The "children" will be genetically identical to the parents and will likewise be infertile. The only way these "products" will be able to reproduce will be through cloning. Not only is this "making a market" as he goes along, he's making his next customers. Colin Burke, 39 Heston Road, Manchester M20 4PU.

PAUL Theroux (Books, January 8) repeats a discredited canard when he says that Kathleen Scott, wife of Captain Scott, slept with Fridtjof Nansen while her husband was "pegging out" on his return journey from the South Pole. Though, five years after Scott's death, Nansen did propose to her, there is no evidence that they ever had sex, and much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

Scott free
 PAUL Theroux (Books, January 8) repeats a discredited canard when he says that Kathleen Scott, wife of Captain Scott, slept with Fridtjof Nansen while her husband was "pegging out" on his return journey from the South Pole. Though, five years after Scott's death, Nansen did propose to her, there is no evidence that they ever had sex, and much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

Report tackles humanity's greatest task
To prevent war
 The Carnegie Commission has reported, not solely on the more modern Balkan wars, but on the whole problem of trying to prevent "deadly conflict" in that post-Berlin Wall era in which four million people have already been killed. The report has not had, like its predecessor, to assemble evidence of atrocities. They are well enough known. Instead, it has tried to draw out of the experience of Bosnia and Rwanda, and many other recent conflicts, a programme for prevention. It aims to promote a "culture of prevention" and to provide "a vision of a worldwide system of conflict prevention".

It argues that the best preventive measure is to ensure that states are healthy, offering security, well-being and justice to their peoples. Where they do not, and where deadly conflict becomes a real possibility, the outside world should act quickly, ideally before serious fighting has begun, and with a balanced battery of diplomatic, political, economic, and military measures. It makes some sharp specific points, for instance, that severing diplomatic relations is almost always a bad idea, that sanctions should be applied swiftly and comprehensively, that major NGOs should have regular meetings to identify countries and zones where deadly conflict threatens, and that big-business corporations should recognise a responsibility for dealing with conflict situations in countries where they operate.

If you are yawning, stop. It is true that there is, in this report, little that is absolutely new, few ideas that have not already been canvassed, and not a great deal that is controversial. Yet a report of this nature is not a fashion show, striving to be different from its rivals. This Carnegie commission of solutions is particularly well-organised and comprehensive, investigating the responsibility for avoiding conflict across the whole spectrum of national governments, military establishments, international institutions, voluntary organisations, and commercial firms. It is important because the prestige and weight of Carnegie, and of the personalities it has brought into its work, ought to play its part in the necessary domestication of ideas which, once embedded in the consciousness and expectations of ordinary citizens and of decision-makers, will lead to action.

This is one of the weightier, perhaps the weightiest, of a number of reports that ought to tend toward that result. But

A nasty domestic secret

IN nine out of 10 cases of domestic violence in families, the children are in the same room or the next room. One in three children witnessing their mother being abused will try to protect her. Women often blame themselves for their partner's violence. They fear losing their children, and will go to great lengths to conceal or minimise the violence. Last June, we produced guidance for welfare professionals to help provide a better understanding of what women and children may be suffering and to suggest ways of supporting them more effectively. By helping professionals recognise domestic violence at an earlier stage, we will enable women and children to share these difficult problems and to seek the help they need. We must help women break free from a life of silence and fear, and help them to share their experiences. Annie Mullins, NCH Action for Children, 65 Highbury Park, London N5 1UD.

ANGELA Neustatter's article assumes the stance that self-blame in a violent or failing relationship is uniquely a woman's issue. I believe it is, rather, an issue of self-esteem, one for which the only documentary evidence available relates to women victims of violence. The paucity of statistical evidence available with regard to male victims of violence can mislead one into believing there is no such thing. My partner was previously involved in an abusive relationship, suffering both physical and psychological violence over a period of 15 years. His ex-partner insisted she was "perfectly all right with other people" and that he was to blame for her extreme violent behaviour. My partner, through his own lack of self-esteem, believed her when she said he was entirely to blame for her actions, and spent many years trying to "correct" his perceived faults. When his "ex" began an affair, and eventually left the marital home, he believed he was

somehow responsible for "forcing her away". There are thousands of women who suffer domestic abuse. However, they have the resources of social services, the police and women's refuges at their disposal. Male victims, on the other hand, have no helpines, no refuges, no-one to help them. There is little or no research into male victims of domestic violence, which means, statistically speaking, they barely exist (although some researchers believe there to be as many male victims of domestic violence as there are women victims). Frequently, media attempts to highlight the plight of abused men are systematically countered by even more lurid tales of violence against women, seemingly on the basis that "it's been happening to us for years, so what do men have to complain about now?" It is about time we started taking a more balanced look at the issues surrounding domestic violence and recognising that women are not the only victims. Name and address supplied.

PROFESSOR David Hall (Letters, January 9) thinks George Monbiot (Sprawling suburbia, January 7) overlooks some important facts. Indeed, but awkward only for the professor. Building on brownfield land is expensive — because greenfield development is zero-rated for VAT. People do not like living at high densities, he claims — perhaps not in tower blocks, but the Nimby brigade just love Georgian town houses. It is all a matter of willpower. If local councils can stand up to government and the construction lobby, we can regenerate our cities, for that is where the traffic from Pro-

sexual frustration, confinement to small cages and food and water deprivation are all well-documented aspects of other animal-based circuses. Undercover footage has revealed trainers of big cats beating them with axe handles and punching them in the face with closed fists. Chippendale's should hand over the animals to sanctuaries and allow them to live free from fear. Andrew Butler, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, London SW15 3ZG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

Falling out over the suburbs

PROFESSOR David Hall (Letters, January 9) thinks George Monbiot (Sprawling suburbia, January 7) overlooks some important facts. Indeed, but awkward only for the professor. Building on brownfield land is expensive — because greenfield development is zero-rated for VAT. People do not like living at high densities, he claims — perhaps not in tower blocks, but the Nimby brigade just love Georgian town houses. It is all a matter of willpower. If local councils can stand up to government and the construction lobby, we can regenerate our cities, for that is where the traffic from Pro-

fessor Hall's proposed new towns will be headed. He advocates congestion and the loss of rural villages: nice to look at, but not where we work or play. If planners would build not stagnant, suburban, dormitory cul-de-sacs but proper, dense, connected streets for local workers, then we could revitalise our urban areas, villages and towns as well as cities. We must admit our mistakes and take a bulldozer to the suburbs and, if necessary, the people who would build them again. Richard Hadden, Queen's College, Cambridge CB3 9ET.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

A Country Diary

MACHYNELLETH: I once wrote here that nothing would induce me to go on holiday to Italy as long as the killing of wild birds was so popular that it was legal for someone armed with a shot-gun to enter private property although anyone with binoculars could be forcibly thrown out. Predictably, I got a letter from a representative of Italian tourism assuring me that a growing interest in conservation would soon put things right. Years have passed since then, and while I don't doubt that bird-protection is making progress in Italy, the fact remains that there is still a

huge annual slaughter of songbirds, and the law still allows you to enter private property to shoot them. In Malta, I'm told, things are even worse. The number of migrant birds killed is estimated at six million a year. Now I hear that the Maltese are thinking of extending their shooting season so that more migrant raptors may be shot. No wonder Montagu's harriers have become so rare in northern Europe. If only we could claim that bird protection in Britain is all it should be. But I have my doubts when, at this time of year, I wake to the sound of guns being fired at wild ducks

on the nearby estuary, a national nature reserve with a wildfowling zone right in its heart. Could any situation be more farcical? People who oppose cruel sports protest endlessly against fox hunting. Yet duck-shooting, which inflicts vast suffering on wild and beautiful birds, takes place with hardly a murmur of disapproval. This severely undermines our case as conservationists. As long as we go on cheerfully slaughtering our wigeon and our teal, we have any right to tell the Italians they ought to cherish their nightingales?

WILLIAM CONDRY
 On the nearby estuary, a national nature reserve with a wildfowling zone right in its heart. Could any situation be more farcical? People who oppose cruel sports protest endlessly against fox hunting. Yet duck-shooting, which inflicts vast suffering on wild and beautiful birds, takes place with hardly a murmur of disapproval. This severely undermines our case as conservationists. As long as we go on cheerfully slaughtering our wigeon and our teal, we have any right to tell the Italians they ought to cherish their nightingales?

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

Labour on the record

YOUR report (Labour expels rebel MEPs, January 9) fails to explain the reason for their expulsion. Ken Coates and Hugh Kerr wrote to the president of the European Parliament saying they intended to join the Green Group. They also let it be known that they intended to become Independent Labour MEPs. To join another political organisation is an act of repudiation of membership of the Labour Party rendering both of them automatically ineligible to remain members of the party. These are the rules. They do not require a disciplinary hearing. Dan Hill, Chief Media Spokesperson, The Labour Party, London SW1P 4GT.

SEUMAS Milne claims that Paul Rutherford's biography of Gordon Brown is authorised (How Blair broke secret pact, January 9). It is not and does not claim to be. Nor did Gordon Brown give any comments on the events highlighted by Mr Milne. I understand the book states that he has always refused to talk about these events. Charlie Whelan, Press Secretary to the Chancellor, HM Treasury, London SW1P 3AG.

CONTRARY to the impression given by Bernadette Cronin (Letters, January 7) I did ask Clifton girls' school to talk to me about why they think boys should continue to suffer discrimination, but they referred me to the Hackney press office. Angela Phillips, Goldsmiths College, London SE14 6NW.

We may edit letters: shorter ones are more likely to appear. We regret we cannot acknowledge those not used. Please include a full address.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

And much evidence that they didn't. Further details can be gleaned from my biography of Kathleen, *A Great Task of Happiness*, Macmillan, 1995. Even Roland Huntford, who first made the allegation, does not repeat it in the biography of Nansen which Theroux was reviewing. It is unfair, unkind and untrue to call her faithless. Louise Young, 42 Ethelton Road, London W12 7BG.

Saturday opinion

Do it like she says

Mark Lawson



THE talk-show hostess Oprah Winfrey is being sued by a group of her nation's beef farmers. They allege that her remark during a discussion of the BSE crisis that she would personally never eat a hamburger again has been responsible for the collapse of their sales.

This is the second occasion on which Ms Winfrey has been revealed as the cat that America loves to copy. When she began, last year, to single out a book each month on her show in an attempt to "get America reading again", previously obscure novels and unread memoirs suddenly needed frequent emergency reprints. At one point, the New York Times bestseller lists were dominated by the presenter's recommendations.

This evidence of the extraordinary influence of one television celebrity's endorsements and warnings came in the week of the publication of the favourite names for British babies. The sudden emergence of "Brandon" as a popular moniker was solemnly attributed by many commentators to the "decision of the actress Pamela Lee Anderson to give the name to her son".

An America turning literature and vegetarianism into a television performance; school registers in the next millennium featuring an unexpected entry because a woman mainly famous for her bust-size stuck a pin in her Naming Baby book at B. These stories raise intriguing questions about social influence.

The advertising industry has long believed in the

Street's Ken Barlow could not save Neil Hamilton in Tatton in 1997. Similarly, Neil Kinnock lost twice despite endorsement by the majority of the country's most popular television comedians, while Tony Blair — who kept his distance from Labour's grassroots tendency — succeeded triumphantly without such glamour hand-outs. These cases cast doubt on the power of star-example.

And yet what Winfrey has done for books and is accused of doing to cows cannot be ignored. She has long been regarded as hugely influential, but it was generally believed that her effect on the national psyche was in the realms of emotion. Her talk-show — which, as most now know, specialised in sexual and social confessions — is often said to have encouraged that aspect of late-20th-century America which its admirers regard as emotional openness and its detractors as emotional incontinence. "The Oprah effect" has become international shorthand for hysterical self-expression.

Yet — while accepting that millions of Americans wished to imitate her television format — it seemed less likely that there was a widespread desire to be precisely like her: to read what she read, to eat what she ate. The idea that the single most influential figure in modern America would be a black woman went against all the assumptions of political analysts and advertising strategists about the suggestibility of the public.

Even with this powerful example of her persuasiveness, it seems hard to believe that the nation's Oprah-clones reveal a nation less racist and less sexist than was reckoned. These women are not about this woman that breeds wannabes.

British snobbery — of the kind which flinches from the soul-baring nature of her show — might lead to the conclusion that Americans are by nature more credulous and suggestive. The country is, after all, the natural home of the support group. Perhaps it is true that — particularly among viewers of afternoon television — there are an unusual number of people looking to be told what to do.

It's tempting to speculate, however, whether there is any figure in British public life who could create an imitation of the Oprah effect. Certainly, it is not the prime minister.

While Ms Winfrey's stray remark into a microphone is supposed to have stopped meat-eating, Tony Blair's declaration that he would personally never touch beef on the board again has led to a vibrant market in black-market t-bone.

Similarly, Sir Cliff Richard's frequent endorsement of cellucery and vegetarianism has had no obvious effect on the popularity of either sex or hamburgers. Richard Branson comes top of all polls to find the nation's role models, but bears no resemblance to a vibrant market in black-market t-bone.

Similarly, Sir Cliff Richard's frequent endorsement of cellucery and vegetarianism has had no obvious effect on the popularity of either sex or hamburgers. Richard Branson comes top of all polls to find the nation's role models, but bears no resemblance to a vibrant market in black-market t-bone.

Similarly, Sir Cliff Richard's frequent endorsement of cellucery and vegetarianism has had no obvious effect on the popularity of either sex or hamburgers. Richard Branson comes top of all polls to find the nation's role models, but bears no resemblance to a vibrant market in black-market t-bone.

Women were asking their hairdressers for a 'Rachel'

theory of celebrity endorsement. Any emerging star is soon paid large sums of money to pretend that they eat or wear or use a certain product.

In its original form, this sales technique depended on matching a famous person with a product that fitted an aspect of their public personality. The actress Jennifer Aniston, star of the sit-com Friends, had an unusual hairdo. When evidence emerged that she was young women were asking their hairdressers for a "Rachel", her television character — the shampoo manufacturer L'Oréal paid her to front their campaign.

A popular modern variation is for a celebrity to flog a product for which they seem comically inappropriate. Hence the football manager Kenny Dalglish — celebrated among fans for scarcely ever speaking at all — is currently the official face of British Telecom.

The hope that the everyday will imitate the famous has spread from advertising to politics. At one level, every party leader is a celebrity endorsement: an attempt to persuade others to think as they think. More formally, American and British electoral campaigns frequently feature appearances by television or film stars. One of the more surreal sights of the primaries in the 1992 American election was Arnold Schwarzenegger striding beside President George Bush while shouting "Hasta la vista, baby" (his splatter-movie catch-phrase).

Yet Bush lost, just as the intervention of Coronation



Who we are

Catherine Bennett



WHO we are. What we do. Where we live. These, Peter Mandelson has disclosed, are the themes which will make his Millennium Dome "a powerful statement to the rest of the world about Britain's new found pride and self-confidence". Until recently, he was

loath to elaborate, other than to promise wonders on "an almost unimaginable scale". He feared the anticipation might be too much for us — "there's not much point working people up into a premature frenzy of excitement".

But last week, in Disney World, Mandelson risked public delirium. Perhaps stung by the derisive journalists who accompanied him everywhere, perhaps feeling, as ambassador to Main Street, USA, that he should demonstrate some of Britain's bountiful new pride and self-confidence, he revealed that schemes for the inside of his Dome are far more advanced than had previously been alleged.

For instance, inside the Dome has been conceptualised as a "millennium delirium", with themed zones arranged around a "vast, striking" hole.

The three Ws — apparently representing Mr Mandelson's "own vision" — will each be subdivided into three zones: "Who we Are", "What we Do", and "Where we Live".

For simplicity, the plan has been divided into three zones: "Who we Are", "What we Do", and "Where we Live".

For simplicity, the plan has been divided into three zones: "Who we Are", "What we Do", and "Where we Live".

For simplicity, the plan has been divided into three zones: "Who we Are", "What we Do", and "Where we Live".

mandelson's seems remarkably prosaic. Did he not consider Why We Bother, or Where We Went Wrong?

Still, the modesty of the concept should make any further trips to exotic theme parks unnecessary. If the Dome purpose is to reflect our own lives and preoccupations back at us, virtually all the required fact-finding can be had for £32, the price of the new handbook, Britain 1998.

Though the guide is not, as some reviewers have observed, it presents its figures in touchingly upbeat style — "the general level of nutrition remains high" — and, under headings such as The Availability of Certain Durable Goods, it contains more illuminating material on Who We Are, etc, than will ever be found up Splash Mountain.

On leisure, its findings suggest that the Dome's What We Do zone should be further simplified, down to the sub-themes: "Watch Telly" and "Get Pissed".

On leisure, its findings suggest that the Dome's What We Do zone should be further simplified, down to the sub-themes: "Watch Telly" and "Get Pissed".

On leisure, its findings suggest that the Dome's What We Do zone should be further simplified, down to the sub-themes: "Watch Telly" and "Get Pissed".

The zone should be simplified to sub-themes: 'Watch Telly' and 'Get Pissed'

On leisure, its findings suggest that the Dome's What We Do zone should be further simplified, down to the sub-themes: "Watch Telly" and "Get Pissed".

On leisure, its findings suggest that the Dome's What We Do zone should be further simplified, down to the sub-themes: "Watch Telly" and "Get Pissed".

On leisure, its findings suggest that the Dome's What We Do zone should be further simplified, down to the sub-themes: "Watch Telly" and "Get Pissed".

It makes me grumpy

Matthew Engel



THE moment can be dated precisely. It was one minute past eight o'clock on Boxing morning when I finally concluded that Tony Blair's Government was turning into a real pain in the buttocks.

The lead item on the Radio Four news bulletin was the revelation that Jack Straw had written to someone or other to do something or other about football hooliganism. (Forgive me it was not a moment of profound concentration.)

Now we all know there were tensions in the Straw household over Christmas. Anyone could have said anything that might have caused one family member or another to stalk off to their room and start writing letters. ("Shall we watch Men Behaving Badly?... We could play Charades... It would be nice to have a joint next Sunday lunchtime...")

If the Home Secretary did write the letter on Christmas night, which the news item implied, did he really ring the BBC afterwards to tell them about it? Or was this, as one suspects, just an extreme example of the connivance between the Downing Street machine and the broadcasters? The BBC can fill otherwise dead news broadcasts with government service informa-

tion, provided it complies with the timings decreed, no matter how ludicrous they might be. Can't they leave us alone even at Christmas?

A few weeks earlier, it was announced at 7 am one day that the Government was giving £1 million towards Holocaust reparations.

£1 million. That's about a penny-a-penny from each of us. Who on earth would make such a big deal about donating a penny to the Holocaust?

Labour are beginning to sound like Tony Hancock listing his charitable donations in the Blood Donor. "It's all in me diary, have a look at this. Coogan relief, two and sixpence. Self Denial week, one and eight. Lifeboat Day, a tanner..."

We know this Government is not really in the business of giving away money or even doing anything that costs money, like essential repair work to the national infrastructure. To spend money they have to raise it. And that was effectively excluded when a rise even in the higher rate of income tax was ruled out before the election.

We also all know what the game is: extreme meanness now, a little less meanness later, when the commitment to Tory spending limits runs out, just in time for a campaign in 2001. It is as though the only purpose of winning one election is to create the circumstances for winning the next one.

Now, Blair has just won the largest parliamentary majority since 1935, and I haven't. And maybe all those showbiz and sporting stars he meets at Downing Street give him a better feel for the mood of the nation than the down-at-heels I meet living on the Welsh borders and popping in to Farrington Road. But, with respect and all that, I think he is missing something.

In 1922 people would have wanted a Blairite Labour Party whose main ambition was to manage Toryism and do nothing that would alienate the editor of the Sun. But right now I believe there is a more genuine hunger for change than at any time since 1945. There is a broad-based sense that positive action is needed to improve the public services and a feeling of disgust about the policies that allowed them to degenerate.

Indeed, a few show trials for figures of the *ancien régime* would probably have created far more enthusiasm than Mandelson's Dome. Nothing too vindictive, just a gentle working-over of the worst culprits: Michael How-

All we have is a country where it is now illegal to give the dog a bone

ard say, and a few of the more rapacious privatisation bandits.

No chance. For those of us living outside Scotland and Wales, what tangible evidence is there that anything happened at all on May 1? All we have is a country where it is now illegal to give the dog a bone. Douglas Hogg could have come up with that one.

UNFORTUNATELY, Blair's conservative instincts have received a sort of confirmation. The British General Election of 1997 (published by Macmillan) is the latest in the series of Nuffield studies, which have come out every election since 1945 and are treated by political scientists as near-definitive. If the general election was a crossword puzzle,

this book is meant to be the solution.

The psephologists John Curtice and Michael Steed began by noting that it was not all that much of a landslide: Labour share of the vote, and low turnout, so that less than 31 per cent of the electorate voted for the new Government, a smaller proportion than that for any post-war government with a working majority. They allowed them to degenerate.

What all the sophisticated analysis can understate is the extent to which there were only two parties in the last election: the Tories and the UN Tories, and that voters to an unprecedented extent chose whichever UN Tory was most likely to win. On that basis nearly 70 per cent voted for change, far more than in 1995.

The voters have not bugged an inch since May. There is no nostalgia for the Conservatives. John Major is never mentioned. William Hague remains a figure of fun: there is something in even "Sir" Brian Mawhinney's voice at present which suggests he knows no one wants to listen to him.

What all the sophisticated analysis can understate is the extent to which there were only two parties in the last election: the Tories and the UN Tories, and that voters to an unprecedented extent chose whichever UN Tory was most likely to win. On that basis nearly 70 per cent voted for change, far more than in 1995.

The voters have not bugged an inch since May. There is no nostalgia for the Conservatives. John Major is never mentioned. William Hague remains a figure of fun: there is something in even "Sir" Brian Mawhinney's voice at present which suggests he knows no one wants to listen to him.

What all the sophisticated analysis can understate is the extent to which there were only two parties in the last election: the Tories and the UN Tories, and that voters to an unprecedented extent chose whichever UN Tory was most likely to win. On that basis nearly 70 per cent voted for change, far more than in 1995.

The voters have not bugged an inch since May. There is no nostalgia for the Conservatives. John Major is never mentioned. William Hague remains a figure of fun: there is something in even "Sir" Brian Mawhinney's voice at present which suggests he knows no one wants to listen to him.

What all the sophisticated analysis can understate is the extent to which there were only two parties in the last election: the Tories and the UN Tories, and that voters to an unprecedented extent chose whichever UN Tory was most likely to win. On that basis nearly 70 per cent voted for change, far more than in 1995.

The voters have not bugged an inch since May. There is no nostalgia for the Conservatives. John Major is never mentioned. William Hague remains a figure of fun: there is something in even "Sir" Brian Mawhinney's voice at present which suggests he knows no one wants to listen to him.

What all the sophisticated analysis can understate is the extent to which there were only two parties in the last election: the Tories and the UN Tories, and that voters to an unprecedented extent chose whichever UN Tory was most likely to win. On that basis nearly 70 per cent voted for change, far more than in 1995.

The voters have not bugged an inch since May. There is no nostalgia for the Conservatives. John Major is never mentioned. William Hague remains a figure of fun: there is something in even "Sir" Brian Mawhinney's voice at present which suggests he knows no one wants to listen to him.

sal set and sofa, on which millions of visitors can recline simultaneously. Each will be issued with a bag ("cigarette smoking is the greatest single cause of preventable illness and death in Britain"), a copy of the Sun ("popular newspapers appeal to people wanting news of a more upbeat character, presented more concisely") and a beer ("the cost of alcohol misuse in England and Wales is £2,700 million a year").

In the next zone, Football, and a huge, flag-draped, three-dimensional, interactive display illustrating its influence on national life. "Legislation has made it an offence in England and Wales to throw objects at football matches, run on to the playing area or chant indecent or racist abuse." In contrast, the arts can make do with minimal representation — a daily parade of novelists or poets? A groto containing Melvyn Bragg? — for, as the handbook notes, culture has yet to become "a part of everyday life".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

Who we Are, Body: — here, Mandelson should just ramble the hollow giant, through whose androgynous limbs he promises "a fulfilled educational odyssey".

مكتبة ابن الجوزي

Toyota boost for Deeside

TOYOTA, Japan's largest car manufacturer, yesterday announced plans to invest £150 million to expand its engine plant at Deeside in North Wales, writes Nicholas Bannister.

The move, which will create a further 310 jobs at the Flintshire plant, was welcomed by Tony Blair at the start of his Japanese tour. The Prime Minister, who met Toyota's president, Hiroshi Okuda, immediately after arriving in Japan, said: "This significant expansion brings Toyota's total UK inward investment to almost £1.5 billion and underlines the UK's attraction to global companies."

The announcement comes in the same week that Ford announced a £200 million project to build a new "baby" Jaguar sports car at its Halewood plant on Merseyside, subject to securing adequate government aid.

Toyota's new investment will virtually double output at the Deeside plant, which started production in 1992, to about 400,000 engines a year.

It will supply engines to the company's new small car plant which is being sited in northern France rather than Britain.



Any questions? ... Tony Blair faces the press at a joint news conference with Toyota president Hiroshi Okuda in Tokyo yesterday. PHOTOGRAPH: ESKO SUGITA

EMI to buy Waterstone's

Roger Cowe

A NEW giant is set to emerge in the book market as WH Smith prepares to sell its Waterstone's chain to music group EMI, which will merge it with Dillons and float off the new company.

The retail group is also believed to be preparing to sell the Virgin Our Price music retailing business back to Richard Branson's Virgin empire. Virgin has first refusal on the chain, of which it owns 25 per cent, and last year it

fered £185 million for the other 75 per cent.

The two deals would allow a substantial cash repayment — perhaps approaching £500 million — to WH Smith shareholders this summer. The £300 million book shop deal will see Tim Waterstone return to the chain he founded in 1982. He will be a partner with EMI in the acquisition, and is expected to lead the subsequent flotation of the music and book retailing business from EMI later this year.

Mr. Waterstone, who was originally a WH Smith manager, left the company to

found the book chain, later selling it to his former employer in 1988.

He was rehuffed by WH Smith in October, after offering a deal to take over the whole group and concentrate on sales of books, magazines and stationery.

Closures will result from the union of Dillons and Waterstone's, but the resulting combination will overtake the WH Smith chain to become the country's biggest bookseller, accounting for a sixth of the UK market. The WH Smith high street chain, which concentrates on a relatively small range of popular

titles, is currently the largest bookseller, with 15 per cent of the market.

EMI began the process of "due diligence" to confirm the value of Waterstone's, this week.

Both WH Smith and EMI said yesterday that they were negotiating the sale, which is likely to be agreed within the next few weeks.

The sale will pre-empt the planned flotation of Waterstone's, which was announced by WH Smith in October. The retail group announced the planned sale of the book chain, as well as the intended sale of the Virgin Our Price music retailing business, in response to the approach from Mr. Waterstone and investor pressure.

Waterstone's has 115 branches and is one of the group's most successful businesses. Its sale is seen as a sop to shareholders, who have demanded value after years of disappointing results. EMI analyst Tony Shiret described it yesterday as "a short-term expedient".

EMI has been seen as a natural buyer for Waterstone's, following its acquisition of the Dillons chain in 1986. But the group has subsequently focused on the music business, demerging the Thorn electrical retailing chain last year. It needs a partner in the acquisition of Waterstone's because shareholders would not want the group to become heavily involved in retailing.

EMI is believed to have wanted to float off the Dillons and HMV retail combination at the same time as Thorn, but the retailing arm was not seen as a substantial enough entity.

The addition of Waterstone's would create a 450-strong retail chain with international outlets, which is seen as strong enough to stand on its own.

Takeover move sees shares in Sketchley soar

Ian King

SKETCHLEY, the struggling dry cleaning and retailing group, admitted yesterday that it had received a takeover approach.

Shares in Sketchley, which have lost more than half their value during the past two-and-a-half years, jumped 12p to 65p.

Announcing details of the approach, Sketchley insisted it did not know who was behind the move, claiming it had been dealing only with a third party.

However, with Johnson Group — Britain's biggest dry cleaning company — ruling itself out of contention, it is believed that a management buy-out team is trying to persuade together some kind of deal.

Last night Sketchley — which also owns the SupaSnaps photo-processing business — said it hoped to receive more information from the would-be bidder within the week.

The company said that last September it had received a "tentative approach" from a company yet to be incorporated, but that after discussing the matter with its advisors, HSBC Investment Bank

the approach had been rejected.

The company — which said it had asked for clarification from the would-be bidder's representatives — added: "A further approach from the same party was made to Sketchley on December 22, 1997, which was amicably rejected."

On Thursday night, the board of Sketchley was informed that approach had been made to certain of the company's shareholders in recent days on behalf of this same party.

It is understood that PFM, which owns nearly 15 per cent of Sketchley, and M&G, which owns 13.4 per cent, are among the investors approached. Prudential, with more than 10 per cent, is the third biggest shareholder.

City analysts said last night that a bid for Sketchley could come in at as much as 75p a share, valuing the company at around £71 million, with the heavily-indebted group's break-up value worth at least 70p a share.

News of the approach follows a wretched year for Sketchley, in which it failed to pay an interim dividend and took a one-off hit of £9.9 million, due to accounting "deficiencies".

German jobless threat to Kohl

Ian Traynor in Bonn

GERMAN unemployment soared to a fresh peak of more than 4.5 million last month, forcing Chancellor Helmut Kohl to open an election year yesterday by conceding that an earlier pledge to halve the jobless rate by the millennium would go unredempted.

Climbing to the highest ever point in the history of the post-war federal republic, unemployment last month stood at almost 12 per cent nationally, with a 20 per cent rate in east Germany double

that in the west. It was announced yesterday.

Bernhard Jagoda, the head of the federal employment office in Nuremberg, said he did not expect any improvement this year. "All in all, economic dynamism was not strong enough in 1997 for recovery in the labour market," he said.

Exactly two years ago, when the jobless rate went through the 4-million pain threshold, Mr Kohl promised to halve the rate by the year 2000. Going into an election strategy meeting of his Christian Democratic Union yesterday, he admitted defeat.

The target would "certainly not be reached," he stated. It was his first public admission that his policy had gone awry and could hardly come at a worse time as he prepares to bid for a record fifth term as chancellor in September, and faces a couple of crucial regional elections before then.

The cash-strapped government may also need to impose more unpopular measures in an election year, since this year's budget pre-supposes unemployment of less than 4.4 million and experts forecast an annual average of at least 100,000 more than that.

Opposition leaders charged that the latest dismal figures proved the failure of Mr Kohl's policies and trade union leaders are threatening a tough pay round.

Germany's Federal Cartel Office yesterday said it opposed the planned pay-television alliance between Bertelsmann AG and Kirch. A spokesman said German regulators told their Brussels counterparts the planned tie-up between Premiere — a venture involving Bertelsmann and Kirch — and Kirch's DFL would create a market-dominating entity and should be barred.

UBS pledges derivatives explanation

Dan Atkinson

UNION Bank of Switzerland yesterday promised to use a full disclosure of the reportedly huge derivatives losses in 1997 that may have played a part in driving it into the arms of rival Swiss Bank Corporation.

The bank confirmed its London-based global head of gifts, currency and derivatives trading Hans-Peter Bauer had left but would not confirm that he had been sacked nor would it comment on reports that its full-year loss on derivatives trading was far worse than the \$83 million reported for the year's first half.

Rumours of a sour position

in derivatives at UBS began to circulate before Christmas, after puzzlement at why the bigger of the two banks was effectively the junior partner in the merger with SBC.

Should the 1997 UBS results — due in mid-February — confirm a big loss, that would go some way to an explanation.

Ironically, news of the possible derivatives losses came on the day UBS settled a legal tussle over share structures with corporate predator Martin Eber, whose BK Vision investment fund holds a quarter of UBS's registered shares. There have been suggestions UBS piled into derivatives in the mid-1990s partly to help deliver the sort of earnings that would please Mr Eber.

The big losses

• December 1996: Swiss Bank finds losses of \$77 million caused by sale of derivatives in its investment banking arm. Former trader Kyriacos said losses related to the derivatives were "unprecedented" and "huge".

• March 1997: Swiss Bank's losses of \$100 million caused by sale of derivatives in its investment banking arm. Former trader Kyriacos said losses related to the derivatives were "unprecedented" and "huge".

• November 1997: Swiss Bank's losses of \$100 million caused by sale of derivatives in its investment banking arm. Former trader Kyriacos said losses related to the derivatives were "unprecedented" and "huge".

• January 1998: Swiss Bank's losses of \$100 million caused by sale of derivatives in its investment banking arm. Former trader Kyriacos said losses related to the derivatives were "unprecedented" and "huge".

• February 1998: Swiss Bank's losses of \$100 million caused by sale of derivatives in its investment banking arm. Former trader Kyriacos said losses related to the derivatives were "unprecedented" and "huge".

• March 1998: Swiss Bank's losses of \$100 million caused by sale of derivatives in its investment banking arm. Former trader Kyriacos said losses related to the derivatives were "unprecedented" and "huge".

Plunging markets alert West

Asia in turmoil

John Agliardi in Jakarta and Mark Tran in New York

A STOCK market plunged yesterday in reaction to the ongoing turmoil in Asian economies, as western politicians sought to help find a solution to Asia's problems.

London's FTSE 100 index slumped by nearly 98 points, or 1.9 per cent, to end at 5188.3, while America's Dow

Jones industrial average was down nearly 200 points, or 2.6 per cent, an hour before the close of trading yesterday.

Faced with the Asian crisis reverberating in the US, President Clinton promised yesterday to send representatives to assess the state of the Indonesian and Korean economies.

Deputy treasury secretary Lawrence Summers will lead the US team, with International Monetary Fund managing director Michel Camdessus and his deputy Stanley Fischer leading a delegation from the IMF. The announcement that senior US and IMF officials will be heading to Indonesia followed an unusual

telephone call to Indonesian president Suharto by Mr Clinton from Air Force One.

During the 25-minute phone call from the aircraft, Mr Clinton made it clear that the Indonesian leader has to swallow the IMF's prescriptions for austerity and reform. Mr Clinton also talked for 12 minutes to Singapore's Prime Minister Goh Chok Tong.

According to Suharto's spokesman Mr Mardiono, the president promised to "seriously implement" the IMF's reforms.

"President Clinton said he was concerned Indonesia was facing monetary upheaval. Mr Clinton believed that under Mr Suharto's leader-

ship, Indonesians would be able to overcome the difficult conditions," said Mr Mardiono. "The main task of President Clinton's envoy during his visit to Jakarta will be to see for himself the steps that Indonesia is taking in handling the monetary crisis and maybe he will also give an opinion."

The Indonesian currency, the rupiah, jumped more than 20 per cent on the news, to close at 7,600 to the dollar. Its surge was helped by heavy dollar selling by the Indonesian central bank and several other state banks.

Monday's Economics Page will analyse the Asian crisis

Indonesian debt exposure may bring down Peregrine

EXPOSURE to Indonesian debt threatened to sink one of Asia's biggest brokerages last night as Hong Kong's Peregrine Investment Holdings looked set to fold after a rescue scheme for the troubled financial house collapsed.

Switzerland's Zurich Group pulled out of plans to buy a 25 per cent stake in Asia's highest non-Japanese brokerage, prompting America's First Chicago to cancel its plans to buy a smaller stake. Neither Zurich nor Peregrine explained why the Hong Kong firm was left at the altar, but analysts are betting that Zurich was frightened by the size of Peregrine's exposure

to Indonesian corporations, including some \$365 million (£164 million) in loans to Indonesia's ironically named Steady Safe tax company, a firm thought to be on the brink of bankruptcy.

Hong Kong regulatory authorities have characterised the firm's position as uncertain and have barred Peregrine's traders from taking on new trading positions, while employees said traders were discouraged from coming to work on Monday.

Peregrine shares have not traded for several days, but fell by more than 20 per cent earlier in the week in anticipation that Zurich might get cold feet. — Bloomberg

Saturday Notebook

Asian Peregrine's stoop bodes ill



Alex Brummer

THERE are few more graphic demonstrations of the despair in Asian finance than the implosion of Peregrine Investments. In a decade, founders Philip Tose and Francis Leung transformed the small, Hong Kong-based stockbroker into Asia's most dynamic investment house, with more than 33 offices conducting business in 15 countries.

Visitors to Hong Kong would be invited to briefings at Peregrine for the most expert view of developments beyond the territory, to China and the whole of Asia.

When Peregrine found itself short of capital in November, it had no trouble rounding up support in the shape of a 24 per cent strategic stake by the insurance and fund-management group Zurich, which is currently merging with BAT financial services.

When this proved inadequate, in early January, after Peregrine shares fell, Zurich demanded a bigger stake of about one-third for its \$200 million (£124.2 million) injection of cash.

But after an 18 per cent slump in the Hong Kong stock market in the last week — as the authorities sought to hang on to the precarious link between the American and Hong Kong dollar — the position of Peregrine looked more pessimistic.

The decision by the Hong Kong Securities and Futures Commission to suspend its shares and restrict its business looks mighty ominous. Among the firm's immediate problems is its exposure to Indonesia, where it has foolishly ended up holding \$265 million in promissory notes to PT Steady Safe, a taxi, bus and ferry company which as a result of meltdown in Jakarta is having difficulty meeting interest payments.

Peregrine has promoted new issues in both Thailand and Indonesia to the value of \$2.6 billion — many of which have turned sour, alienating Peregrine clients.

A desperate search for a new investor is now under way, with Peregrine pointing out that the underlying businesses are still profitable, if not at the \$129 million level achieved in 1996.

Zurich, despite its vast resources, clearly thinks differently and its retreat from Hong Kong reflects a loss of confidence in the territory which, with all the goodwill of Beijing and the International Monetary Fund, seems to be a long-term problem. The first Asian banking casualty of the New Year provides a salutary reminder of the problems facing policymakers as they look at the challenges of holding together the region's financial system.

Bargain to book

AS FAR as the City is concerned a buy-out of bookseller Waterstone's from WH Smith followed by a merger with EMI's retail interests, HMV and Dillons, looks like a neat solution to several problems. It removes from the WH Smith domain the ticklish problem of Sir

Tim Waterstone's wish to regain a degree of control over the upmarket book chain he founded. It would also give EMI shareholders a stake in what effectively will become — excluding WH Smith itself — Britain's largest bookselling chain with the opportunity for some cross-media selling of CDs, videos, books-on-tape and other products.

Together, this lot could be eventually floated off from EMI, if the stock market were willing to raise a tidy little sum pleasing to those EMI investors who have lately become a little disillusioned with this star-struck stock. Despite the success of Britain's music industry.

Certainly, for the City, this looks neat enough, with fees for all of the bankers involved — SSC Warburg for EMI and Merrill Lynch for Tim Waterstone.

This is the way deal-making in London seems to be going, with investment bankers acting as principals bringing deals together. For instance in the proposed SBC Warburg buyout of Christie's, rather than just as the facilitators of old. But while the financial engineering is terrific and the fees great for the over-invested banking sector in the City, the consumer might have some concerns.

Together Dillons and Waterstone's will have control of 17 per cent of the book market, making the two companies leaders in the sector. In upmarket books this will place them way ahead of Books, etc and Blackwells, each of whom commands around 2 per cent.

The argument will do doubt be made that this is now a global market, and that with online services Waterstone's and Dillons will have to compete with Amazon, Barnes & Noble etc.

Maybe. But it has not happened yet. While there may be some overcapacity on the high street as a result of Dillons and Waterstone's competition for higher, full-service stores, the consumer and the price war — which the end of the net book agreement was meant to signal — will not be helped by this agglomeration.

THE rise in the German jobless rate to 11.9 per cent in December, the highest level since the second world war, provides useful support to Chancellor Gordon Brown's reasoning for postponing British membership of the single European currency to beyond 2000.

Clearly, it does not make a great deal of sense for Britain, where unemployment stands at close to 5 per cent, to attach itself to a mainland Europe locomotive still struggling to shake off recessionary impulses and the economic costs of re-unification — construction in former East Germany is among the reasons for higher unemployment.

More interesting for the bond market, and for that matter global interest rates, is that stickiness in the labour market may delay any early moves by the Bundesbank to raise short-term interest rates early this year.

The same message is emerging from the US. There, deflation and the potential impact of the Asian crisis are putting downward pressure on bond yields. Until recently, as was EMU's retail interest rates, the expectation was that the next base-rate move by the Bank of England might be imminent. That is now definitely retreating.

£917m profit for Names

Julia Finch

THE Lloyd's of London insurance market is expected to turn in more than £1 billion profit for 1996, according to an independent research group, Chatet.

But the researchers warned that the return is unlikely to be repeated in the near future, because of overcapacity in the world insurance market and falling rates.

The group added that just one serious catastrophe claim in 1996 could push the market back into the red.

Chatet's forecasts are compiled from underwriters' own projections, and its estimates for 1995 are some £80 million less than the 1994 figures. Lloyd's profits are always an

ounced three years in arrears to allow time for claims to be settled.

After £140 million commission is deducted by members' agents, the amount payable to Names for 1996 will total \$917 million.

"No one will complain about that," said Charles Sturge of Chatet. "But by 1997 we think bottom-line profit could be down to just 3.5 per cent."

"This year is a bleak scenario. Rates have fallen again in the 1996 renewal season and unless it is another good year for catastrophes it is likely to sink into a loss."

To illustrate how insurance rates have been slashed Mr Sturge cited the example of the Cunard cruise line, which includes the QE2.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS			
Australia 2.45	France 5.50	Italy 2.80	Singapore 2.81
Austria 2.02	Germany 2.84	Malta 0.52	Spain 2.78
Belgium 5.71	Greece 4.53	Netherlands 3.18	Sweden 2.56
Canada 2.25	Hong Kong 12.16	New Zealand 2.75	Switzerland 2.35
Cyprus 0.67	India 64.07	Norway 1.75	Taiwan 2.30
Denmark 10.81	Ireland 1.15	Portugal 2.88	Turkey 340.00
Finland 6.70	Israel 5.75	Saudi Arabia 5.96	USA 1.5003

Supplied by NatWest Bank (excluding Indian rupee and Israeli shekel).

Waterstone wins back Waterstone's, page 11
The Roller — just an assembly job, page 10

FinanceGuardian

Piracy steals notes from sound talent

WHEN an anti-piracy squad raided a Belgian warehouse and seized 94,000 compact discs it was one of the most successful operations against an illegal trade that costs the music industry up to \$5.25 billion a year in lost sales and royalties.

But, says Mike Edwards, director of operations at the International Federation of the Phonographic Industry, "Within a week the same versions of the CDs were available on the streets of Holland. We took away about \$100,000 worth of manufacturing equipment, but the gangs found it easy to replace. There is big, big money being made in this business."

Globally, in 1996, \$3.1 billion of recorded music was pirated, with one in three of all CDs sold manufactured illegally. These products, sold at a reduced price, displaced the original material, which would have earned the legitimate music industry at least twice that amount.

Although the phenomenon is not new, audio piracy is mushrooming and in the last year there has been growing evidence that the trade is closely linked with organised crime, including the Chinese Triads, the Mafia and Russian crime gangs.

The problem stretches from mainland China across the Pacific, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America, and is rife in parts of Europe. In the last nine months, links between audio piracy, drug smuggling and illegal firearms have been uncovered in the Netherlands.

Greater availability of manufacturing equipment has compounded the problem — take Hong Kong. In a single year, China's newest region has expanded its CD-making capacity seven times, from 60 million to 400 million discs, or about 20 per cent of the two billion CDs sold each year. If you add capacity installed in mainland China and Taiwan, this region alone could now manufacture half of the world's compact discs, according to the IFPI.

With films, music and computer software — including games — increasingly available in digitally-encoded format on disc or on the Internet, the multimedia opportunities for organised crime have every prospect of growing further.

Culture Secretary Chris Smith wants to take action to mitigate piracy's effects on the business, which he wants to make into one of Britain's most important industries.

Next week he will announce the formation of a

taskforce to promote the UK's music sector and rewrite policy for the industry. Mick Hucknall, Simply Red's multi-millionaire singer and New Labour devotee, is expected to be among its dozen or so members drawn from across the business. So too is Rob Dickins, chairman of the British Phonographic Industries trade association.

With 25 per cent of all recorded music sold worldwide involving at least some British involvement, it is obvious why Mr Smith wants to get a grip on an industry with a huge balance of payments surplus and an estimated value of \$4 billion a year.

But the creation of the committee is likely to promote envy among more established industries, who might have hoped that they, too, would benefit from New Labour's willingness to intervene in vital sectors of the economy.

More traditional manufacturing firms will have noted the setting up of the Creative Industries Taskforce, which includes Richard Branson and Alan McGee, head of the Oasis label, Creation Records, and then the founding of the film policy group in Mr Smith's department. They will have noticed Noel Gallagher and Mick Hucknall partying at No 10 Downing Street. They could be forgiven for asking why, if the music business is doing so well, does it need government help?

Mr Smith, who fought to win sponsorship of the industry from the Department of Trade and Industry soon after being sent to the Department of Culture, Media and Sport in May — was unequivocal on the issue in a speech to American executives in New York last autumn.

"The music business is one



Child of Britpop... Prodigy's Keith Flint offers his singular take on 'cool Britannia' style at a recent Glasgow concert

PHOTOGRAPH: MURDO MACLEOD

of our most valuable creative industries. It is worth \$4 billion to the economy, including around \$2 billion generated overseas. The industry employs 115,000 people. It is bigger than our steel industry, and our musicians' union is now bigger than our miners' union," he said.

He has already started to act by seconding Sara John from the British Phonographic Industries to his department to advise on crucial policy issues. The timing of the new committee is fortuitous — it comes at a juncture when a 10-year spurt of growth in wholesale music sales to over \$1 billion a year appears to have stalled. It also comes as international lawmakers face the challenge of protecting copyright and intellectual property in the digital age.

But the question of what the Government can actually do for the industry remains. Music's multinational groups seem to be getting along quite nicely without any help. The creative talent which is its backbone often thrives best without institutionalisation, and indeed shows little respect for it.

In his New York speech, Mr

Smith said: "We clearly have no direct role in the creative process — we cannot make music. But we are determined to create the right conditions in which the music business can thrive."

He appears to have placed three items on the committee's agenda — piracy, intellectual property rights and copyright protection and music education.

Mr Edwards says that there is a great deal of government can do to crack down on piracy. He notes that only this week, the Hong Kong government has introduced a new licensing system which should ensure that CD-making capacity in the region is used legitimately. He would like to see pressure brought to bear in all important markets for similar controls.

Although Britain cannot follow suit in isolation from its partners in Europe, it can at least take the lead and co-ordinate action, he says.

Rupert Parry, chief executive of EMI Europe, agrees. He calls for the Government to use its six-month presidency of the European Union to ensure that the World Intellectual Property Organisation treaty, signed in Geneva a year ago, is ratified by EU states. Mr Smith has pledged to find time in the legislative agenda to do just that, but an EU directive is still pending.

John Deacon, director general of the BPI, believes the Government's agenda should be simple: to put the music business in its rightful place on the industrial map. The overriding concern should be to ensure the industry can claim its rightful stake in the digital age. "What we need is clear laws throughout Europe to enable us to have the same degree of protection in the digital era."

Andy Taylor, whose multimedia music group, Sanctuary, is seeking a Stock Exchange listing via a reverse takeover of the Burlington Group, believes the committee can do useful work if it concentrates on problems closer to home.

He sees a need to bolster the industry's infrastructure through education and training. Few graduates, even those with music business qualifications — come away with appropriate training to work in the industry. The City and the banks remain inherently suspicious of companies whose value is tied up with intangible assets like the sometimes ephemeral talent of a performer.

He points to the recent resurgence of independent record labels which have traditionally been at the cutting edge of trends in pop music.

"Creative people who can spot and develop artists are the people who need support. The infrastructure of the business needs support to grow so that the artist can plug into that infrastructure," Mr Taylor says.

Most of the public emphasis has been on pop music. But

the classical music industry is in need of help too, says William Mival, composition co-ordinator at the Royal College of Music in London.

British-trained musicians are employed in "huge numbers" abroad, where they are renowned for sight-reading, the ability to learn new pieces quickly and to play on original instruments. Mr Mival says these skills are born out of necessity. British musicians have less rehearsal time and need to learn faster.

But the industry is concerned that young talent is not being properly fostered. Mr Mival says there has been a fall in the number of pupils taking the music exams set by the Associated Boards, indicating that fewer children are learning to play.

Those who are learning are still largely from middle-class families who can afford to pay for lessons. State education has been badly damaged by budget restraints, although there are a few schools with

As bootleg versions of recorded music reach a record high SIMON BEAVIS assesses Labour's strategy for one of Britain's main export earning industries

well-deserved reputations for music teaching.

Mr Mival says that the Government should make two changes. First, ensure that music is taught at all levels as well as in more schools. Composition, musical theory and instrument tuition should be on offer. A-levels are too difficult and obscure — pupils are asked to write choral harmonies when they barely know how to write a scale, he says. The result is that many pupils pass by learning tricks rather than understanding what they are doing and why.

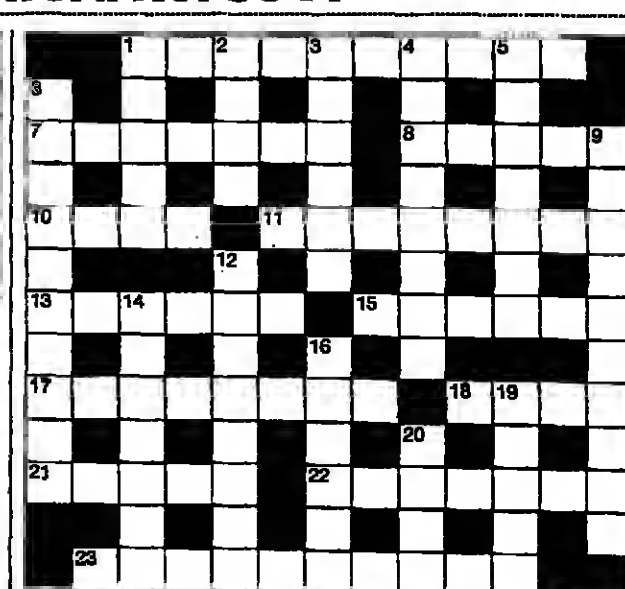
Second, Chris Smith's taskforce should help colleges and schools develop closer ties with musical ensembles so that students can opt for more work experience.

It is a sprawling agenda — from Triad studio pirates to primary-school children deprived of the chance to play a violin. The music industry hopes Mr Smith will start to prove next week that he is able to create some lasting harmony in this disparate but creative business.

Quick Crossword No. 8641

TYRANNICAL
PROGRESSIVE
IDEALIST
OCEANIC
MONUMENTAL
STRATUM
RAIL INITIATIVE
OYSTERS
TYRANNICAL

Solution No. 8640



Across

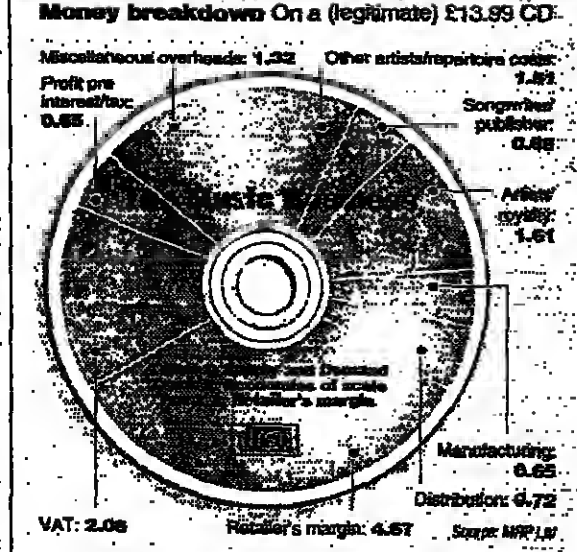
- 1 Basis (10)
- 7 Fidelity (7)
- 8 Garret (5)
- 10 Uncommon (4)
- 11 Response (8)
- 13 Disobedient (8)
- 15 Tranquil (5)
- 17 Runaway (6)
- 18 Brief satirical theatrical sketch (4)
- 21 Redbreast (5)
- 22 Sure (7)
- 23 Be fired (3,3,4)

Down

- 1 Lobby (5)
- 2 Unlikely (4)
- 3 Lace mat (6)
- 4 Roofer — ex-PM (8)
- 5 Exterior (7)
- 6 Versatile person, especially in sport (3-7)
- 9 Squeeze-box (10)
- 12 Reed instrument (8)
- 14 Absurd (7)
- 19 Save (6)
- 19 Aptitude (5)
- 20 Operatic song (4)

Fleeing the music industry

Money breakdown On a (legitimate) £13.99 CD



Pirates on parade

Domestic piracy levels, 1996, %



● The British music industry is worth \$2.5bn a year to the economy, of which £1.25bn is generated abroad. It employs 115,000 people.

● Globally, one in three CDs sold is manufactured illegally.

كشافة مصر

As bootleg versions of recorded music reach a record high, SIMON BEAVIS assesses Labour's strategy for one of Britain's main export earning industries

The Guardian the week

Saturday January 10 1998

Palace versus people

The Queen's subjects seem to have fallen out of love with the monarchy. **Luke Harding and David Hencke** report on why the royals may have to bend before the will of the nation



ON A comfy sofa in West Wickham, in the well-heeled Conservative London suburb of Bromley, the royal family is being demolished. Sitting around a table laden with tortilla chips and cans of Hofmeister beer is Don, a retired bank manager who swore allegiance to the Queen while in the Army. He thinks Her Majesty is privately relieved by Diana's death.

Next to him is Jane, a waitress who believes the royal family "loved their yacht Britannia more than Diana". Next to her is James, a modern languages student who pictures Elizabeth II as a "gracious old lady".

Over on the other side of the room, by the stereo stack, is Pat, a resource school manager, who thinks of the royals as "removed" from the rest of us. Next to her is Jean, an administration assistant, who feels the Queen should take her gloves off more. Finally, smouldering in an armchair is Alan, a confirmed, Cromwellian republican. A retired electrical engineer, you sense he wants to chop their heads off.

They are public opinion. Or at least, they are public opinion professionally adjusted with regard to class, gender and age. And their message for the House of Windsor is an uncomfortable one.

Normally groups such as this meet in the mock-Tudor home of Dianne, the local researcher, who lives on the Kent border, to discuss the rival merits of different brands of dogfood or soap powder. Tonight they are discussing a more pregnant topic: their attitude to the royal family.

Two months ago Buckingham Palace took the unprecedented step of asking MORI, the polling organisation, to carry out a similar study using a handful of focus groups up and down the country. Soon, the logging figure of MORI's chairman Bob Worcester is likely to disappear into the bowels of Buckingham Palace to present his findings. His report will, in turn, be crunched by a palace research unit before being discreetly presented at the next monthly meeting of the Way Ahead group, a group of senior royals and their key senior advisers. The future of the royal family lies tremulously in their hands. Will the report be published? Or no. In the best traditions of royal secrecy its contents — whether anodyne or inflammatory — will never be revealed.



James, a young royalist, feels she is still a "symbol of the nation". There is universal admiration for Princess Anne ("She is so hard-working") but little for Prince Charles, who is seen as self-opinionated, and even less for the Duke of Edinburgh. These views may be unfair, but they are common.

The level of hostility explains, perhaps, why Tony Blair and his senior entourage have decided one of the great projects of the Blair administration will be to rescue the House of Windsor from public opprobrium. It is only a short stroll from Buckingham Palace, through the verdant rectangle of St James's Park, to the smart front door of 10 Downing Street. These days the distance between the two great institutions is shorter than ever. Behind the scenes, the relationship between the palace and the Prime Minister, forged in the heady aftermath of Diana's death, has been blossoming like a teenage romance.

According to the focus group, the events following on from the fatal Paris car crash were spectacularly mismanaged by the royal family. The House of Windsor suddenly found itself "vulnerable" and "fearful". The royals had their way, Diana's death would have been "swept under the carpet" with a private funeral organised by Earl Spencer.

Half way through the 90-minute session in West Wickham the group is shown the Queen's belated live broadcast to the nation, made from Buckingham Palace on the eve of Diana's funeral. Don, a robust monarchist, put it wryly: "Suddenly it dawned on them that they had come a cropper. I think the Queen is thinking 'Thank God Diana's gone'."

"She was trying to close the door after the horse had bolted," Alan lobbed in.

Curiously, there is a feeling that Diana's death in the Paris car crash happened "at the right time" and that she had grown "too powerful". From Jane and James, the two youngest members of the focus group, there is also sympathy for the predicament the royal family found itself in back in September 1997.

Until Diana's death Downing Street had played no serious role in modernising the monarchy — although John Major had discussed the proposal for the Queen to pay tax and had acted as a counsellor in the break-up of Prince Charles's marriage. Instead, the monarchy was modernising itself, but with the speed of an elderly tortoise.

One month before the fatal car crash the Way Ahead Group met for one of its twice-yearly get-togethers. The mood was congratulatory. The group comprised the



Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Princes Andrew and Edward and the Princess Royal, together with Sir Robert Fellowes, the Queen's private secretary, his deputy, Robert Jannin, Charles's private secretary, Stephen Lamport, and the Keeper of the Privy Purse, Michael Peat.

Since it was set up the Way Ahead Group had scored several PR coups. The Queen had agreed to pay tax; open Buckingham Palace to the paying public; decommission the royal yacht and limit the Civil List. Many members of the group saw little reason for further meetings and felt the monarchy modernisation programme had reached the end of the road. The Queen, Prince Philip and Sir Robert Fellowes were the most cautious. Prince Charles and Princess Anne were still keen to carry on.

And yet all this appears not to be enough. There is wide-spread

Monarchy in focus

The Queen has hired MORI to set up a focus group on the future of the monarchy. But we may never know the result. So the Guardian has set up its own focus group (left) to gauge the opinions of the nation. The message is that it is time for radical change

PHOTOGRAPHS: GARRY WEAVER (ABOVE); MARTIN GOODMAN (LEFT)

The London Review of Books brings you some of the most thought-provoking words in the English language...

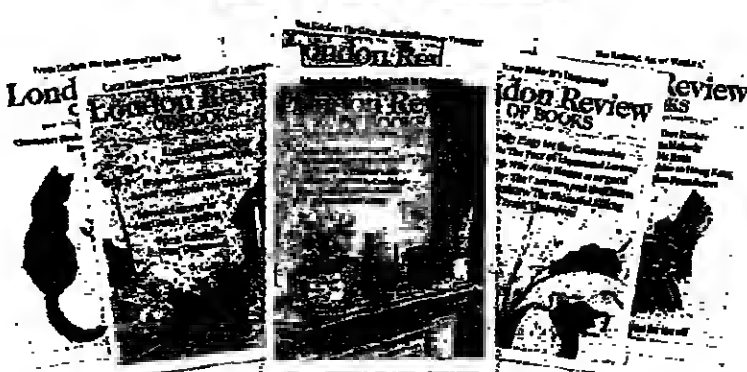
If you love reading, delight in literary debate and have a nose for a bargain, there's never been a better time to bury that nose in the London Review of Books. Because this month, we're offering 50% off the regular rate for a one year's subscription plus six additional issues free. Should you decide to cancel after receiving your first six free fortnightly issues, you can do so and we'll refund every penny of your subscription. So you stand to gain a total of thirty issues, with absolutely no risk.

'Virtuoso performances'
In any copy of the London Review of Books you'll find essays by leading writers on a wide range of subjects, from literature, politics and history to philosophy, science and the arts. Recent examples include: Adam Phillips on

FREE OFFER!

Martin Amis, Iain Sinclair on the Millennium Dome, John Lanchester on 'Fannies', Jenny Diski on the 'Titanic' and Alan Bennett's 1997 Diary. To quote the Times, 'virtuoso performances' are what our readers have come to expect.

Less than the cost of a Sunday newspaper with discounts, the London Review of Books costs less than a Sunday newspaper but provides far more intellectual substance, lasting value and sheer enjoyment. To start receiving your six free issues, with absolutely nothing to lose, send us the coupon with your payment now.



SIX ISSUES FREE AND 50% OFF

Please send me six free issues of the London Review of Books and enter my one year subscription of 24 fortnightly issues at a saving of 50%. I enclose payment now but I understand that if, after six issues, I wish to cancel my subscription, I can do so and receive a full refund. The six issues will be mine to keep at no cost.

Mr/Ms/Ms/Miss
Address

Postcode

☐ Tick if you do not wish to receive information on products or services which may be of interest. Post the London Review of Books, Freepost, WC399J, LONDON, WC1A 2ER, ENGLAND. No stamp required if posted in the UK.

Rates: 1 year (24 + 6 issues) 50% off ☐ UK: £29.95 (save £30.00)
☐ Europe: £36.00 (save £36.00) ☐ Far East & Australasia: £42.00 (save £42.00)
☐ Middle East, Latin America, Africa, India: £39.50 (save £39.50)

☐ I enclose a cheque for £..... made payable to 'LRB Ltd'.
☐ Please charge my MasterCard/Amex/Visa/Club/Visa

No.

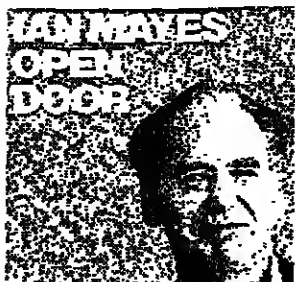
Card expiry date Signature

24 Credit card hotline: (0777) 209 7241 Fax: (0171) 209 1151

London Review OF BOOKS
ENGAGING THE MIND



Take me to your leader writer



IAN MAYES
OPEN DOOR

THE LEADER column in the Guardian is the last refuge of the anonymous. Why, a reader writes to ask, do the leaders remain unsigned when they are totally surrounded by signed articles, often (like this one) supported by the author's photograph? Isn't it, well, a bit old-fashioned? After all, some one must write them. Or is there a leader writers' laboratory where, gurgling and belching behind locked doors, the collective wisdom is distilled?

Prompted by this I attended the daily conference of leader writers with the editor a couple of times this week, first to listen to their deliberations and then to seek their views on anonymity. The anonymous was unanimous that that was the way they wanted to keep it.

The Guardian at present has four leader writers, all male, and all with other responsibilities in the paper. In addition to them, the editor writes leaders occasionally, and from time to time experts, male or female, on the staff of the paper are invited to contribute. Outside experts are now never asked, although it certainly happened in the Guardian's youth in the mid-19th century, and continued well into living memory. In the first half of this century, for example, R H Tawney, the guru of the London School of Economics, passed anonymously through the leader columns, in the process exercising some influence on the paper's policies.

For C P Scott, the great editor who conducted the paper for 57 years from 1932 — I quote from Geoffrey Taylor's *Changing Faces: A History of the Guardian 1956-88* (Fourth Estate, 1993) — "the paper's leading articles had been the prime purpose of its existence. They were the place where readers could expect to find every topical subject and some fairly arcane ones, fairly analysed and an opinion, forthright or tentative according to its importance and the evidence available, put forward."

They were, and still are, the place where the following beliefs of C P Scott could be expressed and reinforced: "One of the virtues, perhaps almost the chief virtue, of a newspaper is its independence. Whatever its position or character, at least it should have a soul of its own." (C P Scott 1846-1932: *The Making of The Manchester Guardian*, Frederick Muller, 1969.)

The continuing belief in the value of anonymity in a world in which named writers are given a higher and higher profile, demands a certain sense of service, even sacrifice, in those

called upon to be leader writers. The longest-serving member of the Guardian's present quartet was told as he stood poised on the threshold of the leader writers' room, 36 years ago, "Don't go in there, you'll never be heard of again."

Another told me he is often asked by acquaintances, "Are you still with the Guardian?" One of the points we discussed was whether the anonymity to which we choose to adhere was off-putting for younger readers. They it was suggested, believe strongly in individuals before institutions, are likely to be extremely sceptical about the validity of a collective voice, and probably demand the frankness implied in the revelation of the writer's identity.

We don't know whether any of that is true. It was not, in any case, felt to constitute an argument strong enough to justify the abandonment of anonymity. One of the reasons why anonymity was considered to be still of value was the frequency of attacks on it by politicians. Some of them clearly feel that the force of an argument — that is, one with which they disagree — is diminished if it can be attributed to a particular writer rather than to the paper.

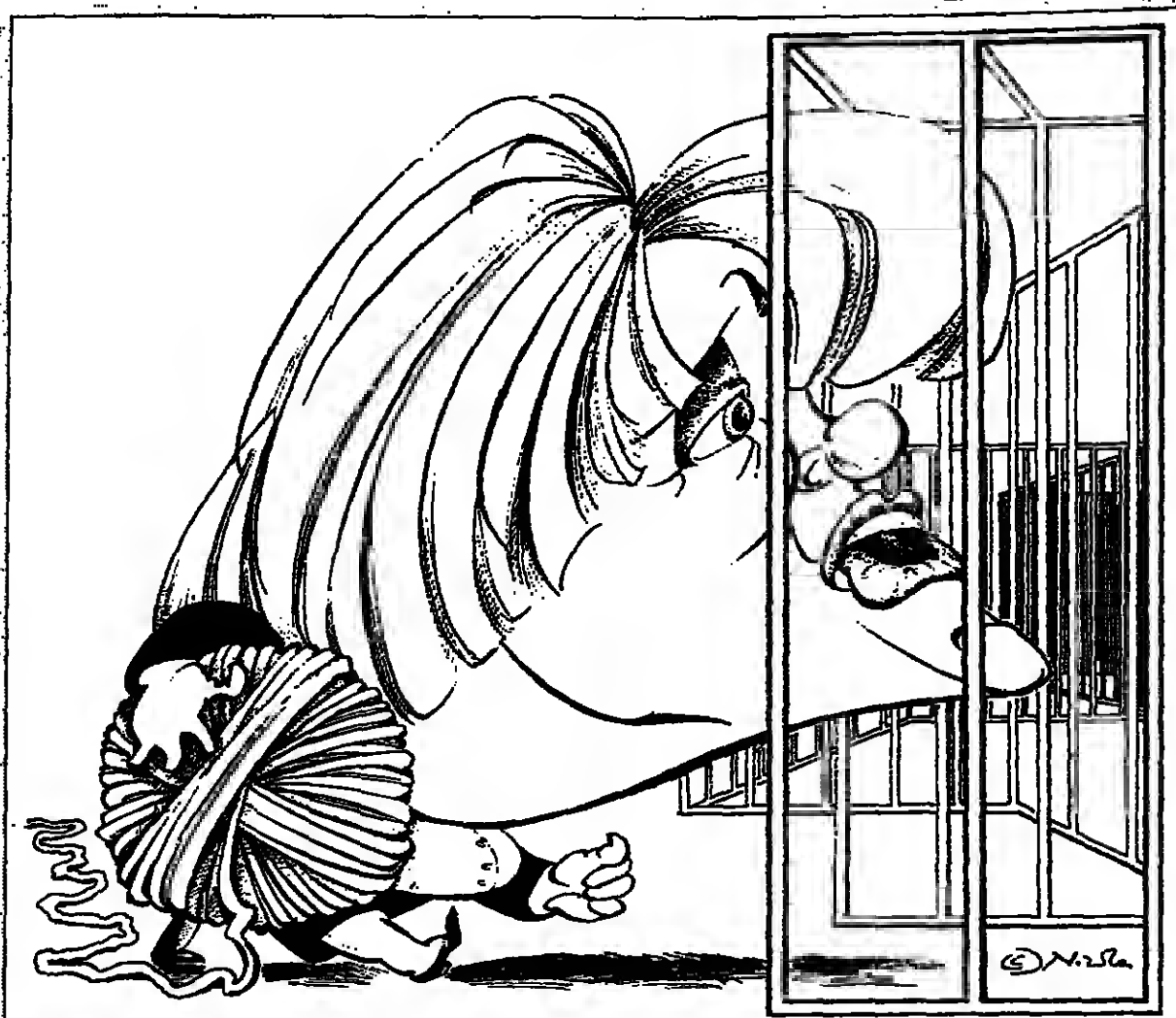
Quite recently in an interview on Channel Four News, David Blunkett, seeking to reject a view expressed in a leader, said that wasn't the Guardian but "only [so-and-so] who has always been bad with statistics and needs to go back to university". A month later, on a visit to the Guardian he apologised profusely to the leader writer he had named.

The point is, that in a certain sense the leaders are the collective view of the paper. The subjects, usually three, are chosen at the conference every day from the much larger number of ideas suggested. They are roughly outlined and briefly discussed. They are read by the editor or his deputy before publication.

The editor, having listened to the discussions this week, said in his view the unsigned leader represented a permanent element of continuity in the paper, a link with the Guardian's history and a reflection of the historic set of values the paper represented. The leader writer had access to an amazing body of information and expertise in the paper's own journalists. Leaders came with the authority of the paper behind them. Signing them, everyone agreed, was not the thing to do.

The ideal leader, a former leader writer told me, should be well-researched, succinctly expressed and elegantly written. His words reminded me of Boswell's description of Dr Johnson. "[He] did not strut or stand on tiptoe: he only did not stoop."

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 9589 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax 0171 239 9897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk



THEME OF THE WEEK INTO THE LION'S DEN

Going into a cage for a photo opportunity with several carnivorous felines, each the size of a large motorbike, has never quite been a recommended health procedure, putting your head in the mouth of "one of them, still less so."

Added to that the fact that running a circus with what are supposed to be wild animals makes being Bernard Manning seem positively PC, and it is understandable why shipwreck for circus trainer Richard Chipperfield, maned by a tiger called Arnold in Florida, and for his brother Graham, who gained Arnold down and now faces police charges,

was a little thin on the ground this week. Yet when the doughy Mr Mowlem went into the Maze with dozens of far more ferocious and malicious creatures in the form of Loyalist terrorist prisoners, few regarded her as anything but courageous. Going into the lions' den in her case was more Daniel-like, more realistic, perhaps, than Chipperfield's ill-fated journey.

As murderer Michael Stone put it, in a week when quoting killers on matters political seemed to be the norm, "In my eyes, she has more gumption than all the other secretaries of state put together". Praise indeed.

The Rank Group, meanwhile, probably had no sense at all of putting itself metaphorically in the lions' den when it opened a new bingo hall in Luton, Beds. It is a measure of corporate Britain's dullness of wit that having presumably

noticed that Luton has one of the most concentrated Muslim populations in the UK, Rank proceeded to put up a big electric sign proclaiming the bingo hall's name — Mecca — and expect no reaction.

Not altogether surprisingly, Luton's Muslims were displeased at a gambling establishment being named after Islam's holy city, and the sign was petrol bombed, apparently by militant young Muslims.

On Christmas Day, 15 windows were smashed in a similarly-motivated attack. Community leaders held talks during the week with the company in the hope of agreeing an alternative to such Rank insensitivity.

Another unwitting, though by no means unwilling, volunteer into the lions' den was insurance agent John McGuire of Milford Haven, Mr McGuire, who is 50, is treasurer of the town's Welsh League sixth division rugby club, and was on the coach with

the boys to a game at Pwllheli when it was noticed that they were a man short. The captain and Mr McGuire accordingly that he would be playing; and although, as he says, he had never touched a rugby ball in his life, he put on some spare boots and was positioned on the left wing. Milford Haven went on to lose by what is said to be a league record of 135 points to nil. Surely it couldn't have been entirely one winger's fault, one might wonder?

A point which that fine Sunday Times columnist AA Gill might (or perhaps might not) be keen to make. Gill it was who recently referred in a piece to the Welsh as "dark, ugly, pug-nosed little trolls", and for his trouble has been reported to the Commission for Racial Equality. Ironically, because at Milford Haven, they're looking for a few chaps fitting that very description as reserve wingers.

announced that it is to drop the Black Label from its Carling brand lager. The statue of The Little Mermaid in Copenhagen, which was beheaded by vandals.

10 His bank statements have been stolen from a recycling bin outside his home in Hull. Prescott's bank manager called him to warn that someone saying he was a journalist had phoned to ask questions about the statements.

11 His rugby career. Speculation is rising about whether the celebrated player will shortly return from the game.

12 Its Black Label. Bass have

announced that it is to drop the Black Label from its Carling brand lager. The statue of The Little Mermaid in Copenhagen, which was beheaded by vandals.

10 His bank statements have been stolen from a recycling bin outside his home in Hull. Prescott's bank manager called him to warn that someone saying he was a journalist had phoned to ask questions about the statements.

Palace versus people

Page 13 spread resentment, according to the focus group, at the way the royals are financed with taxpayers' money. Pat, who grew up pasting stories about the young Queen Elizabeth into a childhood scrapbook, puts it like this: "We all had it hard with the recession. They have not suffered in any way. I think a lot of people have seen them get richer while others get poorer."

Alan, the only person in the room who wants the monarchy abolished, says the Windsors should pay tax on all of their assets like "other rich people". There is also a general feeling that the royal family is too numerous. "There are too many hangers-on," Jean chips in.

Only Jane supports the Civil List in its present form. "The rest of our tax goes to people who can't be bothered to get off their backside and go to work," she says, reaching for a crisp.

Diana's death on August 31 last year changed everything. It plunged the monarchy into its worst period of turbulence since the abdication crisis of 1936. Confronted with a freefall in popularity, the royal family engaged in one of the fastest turn-arounds in history. The Way Ahead board, not due to meet again until December, was hurriedly reconvened and has had some new personnel, a new agenda and now meets monthly.

The change — despite frequent denials — came from Tony Blair. It was he who suggested a "royal make-over". The main link with Labour was with Peter Mandelson, first as backbench MP and then as Minister without Portfolio. He had for some time been close to Prince Charles, dined regularly with his aides and was on the side of modernisation — making it clear privately that he had no time for the old-style royal courtier establishment led by Sir Robert.



Prince Charles and his sons on the slopes at Klosters... a new tough stance was taken with the paparazzi

panel. The royal yacht Britannia, decommissioned last month, is regarded by most in the group as an antique emblem of privilege. Towards the end of the session, with the bottle of Piesporter only half drunk, the group is asked to draw up two lists of what Prince Charles and the Queen think and what they actually say.

"Why can't we have Britannia back?" is the plaintive remark attributed to Charles. The Queen, meanwhile, is credited with thinking: "Mission impossible — on a loser."

The fact that the Queen never takes her gloves off to shake hands with the masses rankles. And the

proverbial view that the royals have too many palaces resonates with everyone apart from Don and Jane. They are worried that tourism might suffer if historic homes such as Buckingham Palace or Sandringham are flogged off.

These are all issues which have recently been addressed in a secret briefing paper written for the Palace by Alastair Campbell, the prime minister's press secretary. After Diana's death, Tony Blair became directly involved in dealing with the Queen and as a result Campbell became the senior link with royal courtiers. It is Campbell who is credited with the idea of the "People's Monarchy". His internal paper recommends a comprehensive reform programme, including the setting up of royal focus groups and the opening up of historic palaces to the public. The former Daily Mirror journalist has new suggestions on how the Windsors can become "more touchy-feely".

He is also credited with much of the populist composition of the Queen's Speech to celebrate her Golden Wedding at the Banqueting Hall last November. It was during the banquet — before the Mori

story broke, but after the research had been secretly commissioned — that the Queen announced the royal family would try hard to "read" the message of public opinion, a message often "obscured" by "deference and rhetoric".

The royals can take some comfort from the fact that Earl Spencer has licensed the focus group with his decision to charge £9.50 to visit Diana's grave at the Althorp estate in Northamptonshire. "I'm a cynic, but I read to think what Earl Spencer will do with the money when he gets it," Don said. "By the time you take out running costs and a few lunches, the money will go down by 50 percent."

The Blairification of the royal family comes as the palace dramatically raises its own PR game. Prince Charles's trip to South Africa three months ago was a carefully calibrated public relations triumph. The successful template is to be repeated on the prince's next foreign trip to Sri Lanka, Nepal and Bhutan in February.

A special plane chartered by Buckingham Palace will fly the press corps from the UK to the Indian sub-continent; a gesture unthinkable a decade ago. Over on

the ski slopes of Klosters, meanwhile, a new "naming and shaming" policy was introduced for the first time by palace aides over the New Year to curb the activities of renegade paparazzi. The unfortunate Jean-Pierre Rey was frog-marched out of a Swiss hotel by royal bodyguards after trying to snap Prince Charles and his sons from a toilet.

Within the focus group, there is much enthusiasm for the young Princes William and Harry. The fashionable notion that the throne might skip a generation, by-passing Charles' funds some support. But James, aged 19, and Jane, 27, argue that it would be absurd to burden the young Prince William in such a way.

As the evening draws to a close, the talk turns inevitably to royal adultery. The conversation begins with Alan pointing out that tourists still come to visit Hampton Court, even though Henry VIII no longer lives there. Don moves rapidly on from Henry VIII to royal infidelity in general. "From 1400 you find a King that has not got birds on the side," he declares. On the sofa, Jane bounces up. "It

isn't OK in the 20th century," she says. "You don't want to sleep with him if he's been putting it around."

Such blunt speaking is a world removed from Buckingham Palace. Here, modest changes are afoot. Behind the ornamental gates, there has been a minor coup in favour of the modernisers. Sir Robert Fellowes, is now playing a less pivotal role and is expected to retire later this year, making way for his newly-enbodied and modernising deputy Sir Robert Jarrin. Jarrin is now more in charge of the royal agenda.

Even more important is the retirement of the Earl of Airlie as Lord Chamberlain, traditionally a key adviser to the Queen, and his replacement by Lord Camoys. Palace sources say that Lord Camoys is the most radical of the royal advisers. His proposals go further than Prince Charles and the Princess Royal in wanting to open up the monarchy and end what is left of its mystique.

His thinking also extends much further than the Queen's, who remains very cautious about change. The internal agenda for reform currently extends to reviewing royal engagements, and considering which minor royals might be tactfully pensioned off.

Back in West Wickham — where, in a classic bourgeois revolt the residents recently protested about a new Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise — almost all the tortilla chips have been eaten. The focus group is about to go home. Dianne will later have to vacuum under the table, around the fake log fire, along the bottom of the floral curtains, and behind the comfy sofa. What, then, is Mr Worcester of Mori likely to tell the Queen?

That there is no great clamour for a republic, certainly, but that the monarchy is widely perceived as being stuffy, out of date and out of touch. That the general public no longer think of the royal family as an institution, but rather as familiar characters in a rather messy soap opera. That there have to be major structural changes to Windsor finances, so the royal family acquires the reputation of being good, ordinary taxpayers.

And that she might consider scrapping the Civil List entirely. That the "touchy-feely" style recommended by A. Campbell be adopted forthwith.

And finally, ma'am, that it would be a good idea if you took off your gloves.

What we want from the royals...

Mrs Patsy Jones, aged 49, resource manager for a school. Social class B.

Mr Don Carpenter, aged 62, retired bank manager. Maverick.

Mrs Jean Collis, aged 57, administration assistant in a manufacturing company.

Mr Alan Fletcher, aged 69, retired electrical engineer. Social class B.

Miss Jane Wallace, aged 27, waitress. Social class D.

Mr James Davis, aged 19, foreign languages student at Bristol University.

سكوت من الالبر

He may be the scourge of film censors but film director Michael Winner still believes in fairies

Man of singular passions

INTERVIEW BY
SABINE DURRANT

"I AM the greatest law and order freak in the world. I believe in shooting rapists. I believe in shooting child molesters. I believe in putting people in prison. If someone hits an old lady with an iron bar he ain't going to his mother old lady with an iron bar if he's in prison."

The film director Michael Winner, who, as he will proudly tell you, runs the Police Memorial Trust, is sitting in a director's chair in the private cinema that occupies part of the basement of his 46-room house in Holland Park in London. It is much plusher than the Odeon down the road, with plush sofas and cushions; there are even little squares of spare carpet under the legs of a coffee table to protect the carpet beneath. It is lined with movie stills, playbills and framed photographs of a younger Winner — curly hair and raffish grin — with arms around Marlon Brando, Faye Dunaway, Robert Mitchum, Anthony Hopkins.

An older Winner, Barbados tan reddening the folds of his 62-year-old face, his now thinning white hair tinged with yellow, is talking about this week's Home Office report which reopened the debate about crime and screen violence. "It's a witch hunt," he says wheezing. "Can anybody seriously believe that if you removed 20 per cent of violence from all films and television a mugger would wake up in Brixton the next day and say 'I'm not going to mug anybody today? We are already the most censored country in the free world. Films that can be seen uncensored in Switzerland, Italy and France are cut to ribbons here. You don't walk through Switzerland and find gangs of thugs rushing out of the chalets and bonking you with Swiss walking sticks? Piffle!"

Society, he says, was much more violent in Victorian times. "Trollope wrote about people walking through London parks and being garroted from behind. Throttling and garroting was very common in London parks. Now you tell me the last time someone was throttled or garroted in a London park? It's all absolute nonsense!"

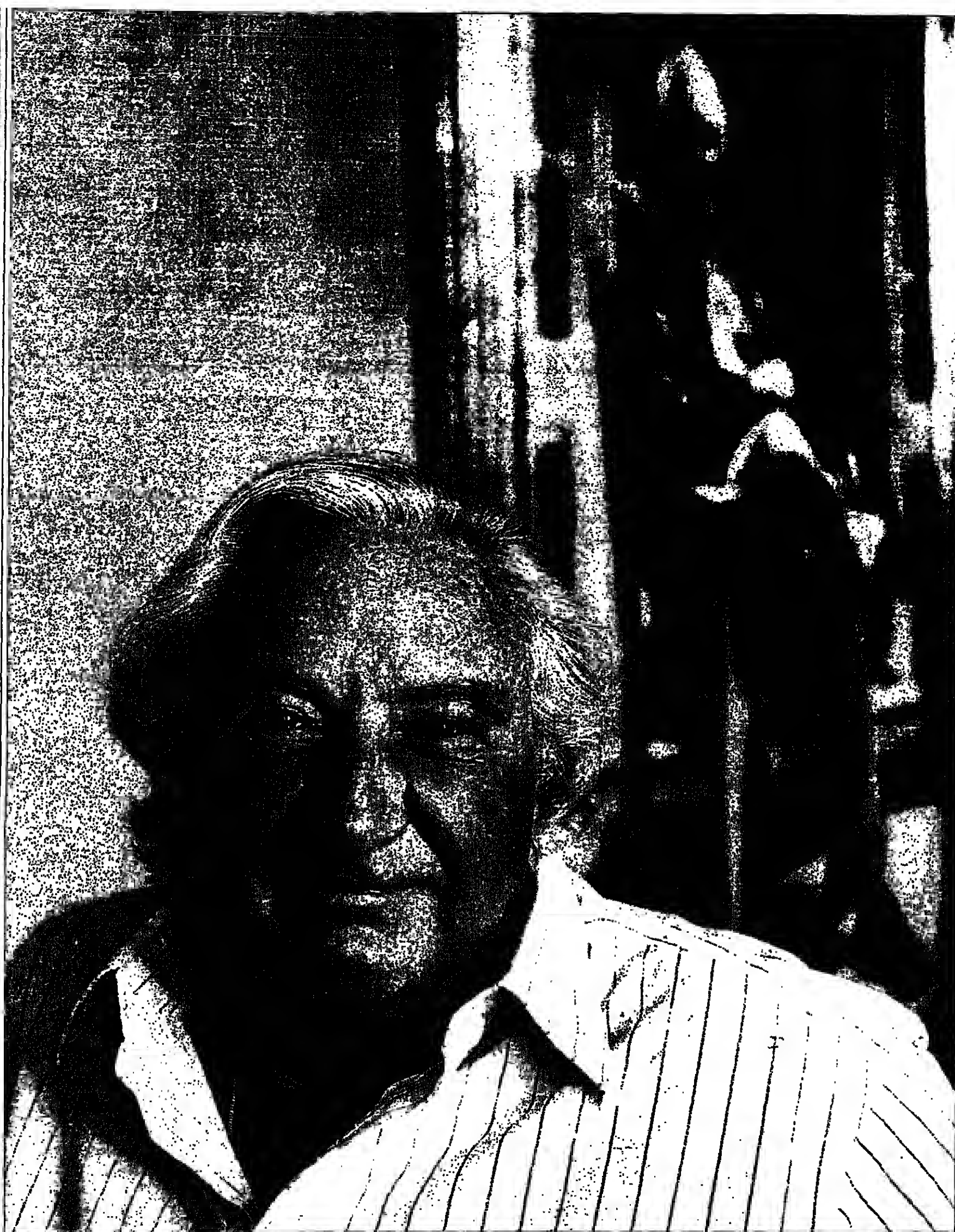
Michael Winner has made about 30 feature films in his 42-year career, many of them comedies, but he is best known for *Death Wish*, about a man (played by Charles Bronson) who one day has enough and starts killing people. Also for *Death Wish 2* and *Death Wish 3*. "People like a good old yarn about the conquering of evil by good," he says. "You can't only have stories about flower arranging and people doing good."

His most recent film was *Dirty Weekend*, in which a woman (played by Lisa Williams) one day has enough and starts killing people. His next film, *Parting Shots*, is a bit of a departure. It's about a man who finds out he has six weeks to live and decides to take with him five of the people who have most annoyed him. "But you don't see people being killed. Like in *Kind Hearts And Coronets*, you don't see any sign of death."

Parting Shots stars John Cleese, Diana Rigg, Joanna Lumley, Ben Kingsley, Bob Hoskins and Felicity Kendal. Just as it can be a bit of a surprise to meet someone who has seen a Winner movie, it's also rather a shock that so many people will agree to be in one. "Most of them are close friends," he says.

Michael Winner occupies an odd place in our national life. All those films and yet he's more renowned for his opinions, thundering forth from Winner's Dinners in the Sunday Times, his column in the *News Of The World*, in every magazine questionnaire from *My Week In My Uterus* — than his work. So many close friends ("every actor I've wanted to be friends with, I have") and yet all alone in this huge, antique-crammed house behind its high walls.

He's despised for being Mr. Remarque as much as he is for his wealth — the money he has made



That's me, that is... Film director Michael Winner in front of a wall-size portrait of himself — "That's a serious painting"

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

SIMON
HOGGART'S
WEEK

Disney does it for Mandy but will it work for Labour too?

DURING the last election I went to Redcar, which is a depressed seaside resort in the North-east and where, as a small child, I used to live. In the most downmarket Marks & Spencer I've ever seen (no men's clothing, and the food department seemed to sell mainly white bread and crisps) a poorly dressed but splendidly tanned woman was chatting to a friend on the check-out. "We're just back from a fortnight in Florida," she explained, "Disney World mostly," and I reflected briefly on our changing notions of poverty.

Anyhow, working-class people from Redcar can now go to Orlando, but until a week ago, Peter Mandelson — being rather better off — had never been there. Those of us who like the idea of the Millennium Dome will have been deeply depressed by his visit. Apparently the Minister without Portfolio was as thrilled as any nine-year-old by the park, saying he would use it as a "benchmark" for the Dome. He would import many of the

"almost infinite possibilities" he had seen there.

But successful though it is, and no doubt astonishing to someone seeing it for the first time, compared to other theme parks, such as Futuroscope near Poitiers, Disney World is anemic. You might as well design a car for the New Era by stripping down a Hillman Imp. The Export Centre, which is supposed — like the Dome — to give us a vision of the future, is especially silly. There are tableaux depicting housewives in moulded plastic clothes, like the cast from an early edition of *Star Trek*, giving orders to robots, who do the washing-up and ironing. Nothing dates more quickly than a vision of the future.

Disney theme parks have a lot in common with New Labour, in that they offer more than you actually get. Yes, all the wonderful rides are free once you've paid to get in, but they exact the price by making you queue for up to 90 minutes. So Disney customers are ideal New Labour voters — docile, tractable, patient and touchingly grateful for what they are given.

REMEMBER those annoying BT ads in which a little girl in a yellow mac asked innocently why people clog the roads by going into offices for work? I've been based at home for the past week, and very pleasant it's been, but it certainly hasn't got much work done. I envy those writers who describe their day in the Sunday mags. "Every morning I get up at 6am in our home, a converted nail forge in Wiltshire. Breakfast is a bowl of bran and an apple picked from our own trees. I hope to have around 5,000 words written by 12.30, when my Swedish wife Tig brings me a bowl of soup and a crusty roll from Mr Samways, our local baker, who is threatened by the dreadful new supermarket in Devizes. Then it's four more hours at the keyboard, before supper in front of the TV — we hate to miss EastEnders!"

My life isn't remotely focused like that. I do take son to school, 8.55 buy the other papers, 9.05 tackle difficult word puzzle in the Sun, 9.30 urgent need for cup of coffee, 9.35 stupid computer game will blank my mind, make it more

receptive for creative ideas; 10.05 teeth gone all furry — must brush; 10.10 friend rings; half an hour's work-related conversation, i.e. gossip; 11.05 get down at last to some solid work; 11.10 really must go out for Economist, get briefed on situation in Turkmenistan; 11.30

"I'd have told him to get knotted," says my informant. But these days few people dare to tell a person as powerful and influential as Alastair Campbell ever to get knotted

remember tax deadline — have to find P60 in dunes of paper on desk; 12.05 phone office to ask for copy of P60; 12.15 watch end of *Call My Bluff* on TV, hope Sandi Toksvig will stimulate sparkling ideas;

12.35 only leftover chicken in fridge — quick visit to chippie saves time making sandwich; 1.00 World At One promises fascinating interview with Jacques Santer; 1.05 nap would be refreshing, get brain synapses fixing...

And why is it, that if you have two jobs on the go, the one which you must get done always seems less attractive than the one that could easily wait? Luckily I have to go back to the office on Monday, so I might do some work.

THANKS for your letters about Perfect Day, and whether it is a coded song about drugs. The consensus seems to be that when Lou Reed wrote about drugs he didn't bother with elliptical allegories and came straight out with it. (As with *Walk On The Wild Side* which mentions transvesticism and oral sex.) So the song really is about the singer's splendid day with his best girl by his side, which is nice.

If you can get it, there's still a chance to catch up with the endless and sometimes hilarious tech-

It was here, in the light shining through the magnificent windows, that the Victorian artist Sir Luke Fildes used to paint, and here that Winner watches telly, reads and lies in an enormous beige bed. It's a very colourful room, the carpet and the walls are complicatedly flowered. There's a teddy bear on the counterpane and a row of stuffed toys, including a tattered Humpty Dumpty, on a window sill.

Does the house ever get burgled? "Used to, not now dear. There's nothing to take. No darling. Burglars want jewellery; they want a wife with a Rolex watch; they don't want watercolours by Arthur Rackham." Winner has been collecting children's paintings since it was unfashionable to do so. "Twenty or 30 years ago the dealers laughed at me, I said, 'But these are one-offs. Christopher Robin bumping Winnie the Pooh down the stairs is one of the most famous pictures in the history of children's literature. How can it not be a snip at 15 grand?'"

But wouldn't he too rather have a wife with a Rolex watch? "I suppose I am a bit of a one-man band," he says. "It is very, very unusual to be 60 and never having been married and not being a homosexual." Does he wish he had had children? "I somewhat regret that." He gives a huge creaking sigh.

Winner used to date the actress Jenny Seagrove, but for the past four years or so has been seeing

'You don't walk through Switzerland and find gangs of thugs bonking you with walking sticks!'

Vanessa Perry, 30, a dancer he met when she auditioned, unsuccessfully for *Dirty Weekend*. "The present girlfriend is an absolute delight. Lovely girl." Might they get married? "Anything is possible."

You wonder a bit about his own childhood, this man who longs to see fairies at the bottom of the garden. ("I can't think of anything nicer than to see an elfin. He's an only child, his mother was a gambler, who frittered away £7 million of his father's fortune in casinos at Cannes. Was Winner a happy child? He is silent for a while and then says: "I was moderately happy at school." (He went to St Christopher's, Lechlworth, "A Quaker, socialist, dog-good, open-toed sandals, Bernard Shaw-type school.")

What about at home? Another pause, in which he gives out a long, rattly exhalation of breath like a train arriving at a station. "I was ill at ease at home," he says eventually. "My mother didn't take much interest in me, she was affectionate in bursts. And I didn't fit into the smartly dressed young Jewish set I was introduced to — the girls were all over made up, I couldn't control. I was an alien in that society and I was an alien at school. So I retreated into cinema and then at age 14 by chance I got a showbiz column and was meeting Louis Armstrong and having dinner with Bob Hope. And that was a life of my own."

Since then, of course, he has met and made friends with many other people: "Orson Welles, Mitchum, Jimmy Stewart — not a close friend but a friend. Ava Gardner, Faye Dunaway, Lancaster, Bronson." And "my friend" Marlon Brando of course.

"Brando's a great joke player. The jokes he's played on me... I couldn't start to tell you, the jokes he's played on me."

So is Winner the sociable nut a lot? He is suddenly rather quiet again. "I'm a loner," he says with a tiny touch of self-pity. "I very seldom go out at all. I'm probably here four nights a week." He smiles. "I'm very fond of Diana Rigg and Joanna Lumley, they're incredible people... but I don't see them that often, you know, but when you do you just pick up. I don't know who I spend time with really." There's another long pause and then he adds, "Myself."

nical glitches on the BBC News 24 cable channel. The "digital technology" means that the image — weatherpersons, interviewees, star newscaster Gavin Sater — sometimes freezes on screen in mid-sentence, even when they're on live. What they have to say is then sampled, a second here and a second there, so the weather goes: "rain... mild... Sheffield... umbrellas... goodbye."

WE learn that Margaret Cook was told her marriage to Robin Cook was over after he took a call on his mobile from Alastair Campbell. The Downing Street press secretary told Mr Cook that the News Of The World had the story of his affair. I gather from a colleague of Mr Cook's that it went even further: Mr Campbell presented him with a direct ultimatum: choose your mistress or your wife, now.

"I'd have told him to get knotted," says my informant. But then these days few people dare to tell a person as powerful and influential as Alastair Campbell ever to get knotted.



Chewing the fat

HEAD TO HEAD: HEALTH OR HEDONISM? SHOULD WE HEED THE FITNESS POLICE?



Yes
Mr Motivator
Fitness guru

Dear Mr Motivator,

It's January and the health police are out in force. Ready to prey on our guilt, they tell us that all the good things we swallowed last month are probably killing us. They also have a diet they want to sell or a new gimmick to stop smoking, or an exercise plan you can have on small instalments.

No one is suggesting we don't need a little Lent in our lives after the Saturnian festivities. Gluttony after all, is a sin. Since antiquity a little self-denial after excess has been considered to be a good thing. But we shouldn't be too ready to forget that Christmas and New Year are also about stuffing — our birds and our stockings and our guts with all the good and delicious things to eat and smoke and drink that God's Green Earth provides.

There's no time we need more to let go and pig out than at the darkest moment of the year: when the sun goes deep into gloom and we crave its life-giving beneficence in all the delicious forms where its energy is stored. Our ancestors understood.



No
Richard Klein
Writer and hedonist

Dear Mr Motivator,

Let's talk about your mirror, and mine. You told me all I had to do was "look in the mirror and like what [I] see". You assume that I probably won't like it very much, unless I look like a "lean, muscular machine". But where do ideas of beauty come from?

If I were living 90 years ago in America, I would probably be worrying that I didn't look fat enough. After all, back then, Diamond Jim Brady, a paragon of his age, had a stomach for it was a luxury item. President Taft weighed over 350lb at his inauguration. And Lillian Russell, the most beautiful woman of her age, was famous for her appetite. People wrote books like "How to Become Plump".

Leaving aside questions of health, can fat ever be beautiful? It's a funny question when you consider the history of art in the West. Most painters have thought that fat women were beautiful and skinny ones were unhealthy or disturbed. Think of Rubens or Renoir, to start with, men who greatly admired the power and dignity, not to mention

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

warm. Clothing and housing was basic compared to the cars, computers, the hypermarket, TV shopping and the dreaded remote control we have now. When the weather changed and supplies had run low, man went out to do physical activities, such as hunting and foraging, which quickly used up any excess body fat. I am sure you would have noticed that all the pictures of man in olden times shows him as a lean, muscular machine.

All this non-physical, fast-food, over-indulgent lifestyle has caused many of the health problems of today. We are a democracy and as such we do have a choice as long as our choices do not directly affect or inconvenience other people.

My message is clear. Look in the mirror and like what you see. But if you don't, and you want to make some adjustments then do so, but in all things do it with a healthy frame of mind. Remember! You have one body and if you look after it, it will last a lifetime.

Yours in health and fitness,
Mr Motivator (Derrick Evans)

Dear Mr Motivator,

Let's talk about your mirror, and mine. You told me all I had to do was "look in the mirror and like what [I] see". You assume that I probably won't like it very much, unless I look like a "lean, muscular machine". But where do ideas of beauty come from?

If I were living 90 years ago in America, I would probably be worrying that I didn't look fat enough. After all, back then, Diamond Jim Brady, a paragon of his age, had a stomach for it was a luxury item. President Taft weighed over 350lb at his inauguration. And Lillian Russell, the most beautiful woman of her age, was famous for her appetite. People wrote books like "How to Become Plump".

Leaving aside questions of health, can fat ever be beautiful? It's a funny question when you consider the history of art in the West. Most painters have thought that fat women were beautiful and skinny ones were unhealthy or disturbed. Think of Rubens or Renoir, to start with, men who greatly admired the power and dignity, not to mention

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

Your fat friend,
Richard Klein

Dear Richard Klein,

It is wonderful to enjoy Christmas, to eat, stuff your face and party well. A little bit of what you fancy does you no harm. But in all things, if you overdo it there will be a price to pay. In olden times when the weather was dark and dismal, man needed extra fat to keep himself

the sensual loveliness of fat. Don't you think it's time we looked in the mirror and started loving our fat? You are your fat. It's what you bring to the table. It goes up and down in life. Maybe if we loved fat more, we wouldn't obsess so much about thin, which only seems to be making us fatter grow fatter faster.

JEREMY HARDY

Education — it's time to get down to business

I am glad that the Government has come up with a scheme to involve the business community in education in a way they will approve of. The only way of involving them which I'd been able to come up with entailed taking away their money and giving it to schools, and I don't think they'd like that. Admittedly there wouldn't be much in it for them. The Government's approach, giving them a role in running Education Action Zones, will not only delight them, it will also teach children the valuable lesson that society is run by and for the business community.

The last government cherished hopes of dedicating all education to the requirements of employers. Thatcher, especially fought hard to cleanse Britain of the idea that the purpose of schooling is the enrichment of lives. She hated the thought of people knowing too much — or knowing anything at all that their boss didn't need them to know. New Labour seeks to legitimise this ethos.

Blair established immediately on coming into office his belief that a man's success in business gives him the right to take part in government. This, of course, is not a new idea. The consensus that the people should choose their own rulers is quite a recent one. Until the 19th century, an MP was either chosen by the richest people in the constituency or simply happened to be the richest person in the constituency. And one of the complaints of the 1960s civil rights movement in Northern Ireland was that businessmen at that time were allowed two votes each, one at home and one at the office.

It is now widely stated that Blair idolises rich people. But he has got off too lightly because this affection is so often represented as an adolescent crush. If he had filled the Cabinet with pop stars and footballers, one might believe this, and it might be possible to look upon him in a kindlier way. It would be quite sweet to have a new Premier who tells all his school friends: "Of course I'm not going to forget you. I want you all to come and live with me in Number Ten Downing Street."

But Tony Blair is not driven by wide-eyed innocence, nor even by Thatcher's crazed vandalism and philistinism. Thatcher handed over public sector services to private sector managers because she didn't care what happened to them. Only a person with an instinctive dislike of the NHS would put it in the hands of men who are used to running biscuit factories. What's frightening about Blair is that he appears genuinely to believe that these are the best people to run things.

Capitalism is a fine idea in theory, but in practice it simply doesn't

work. The price mechanism and the law of supply and demand are supposed to guarantee that everything runs smoothly. At yet we end up with nineties and nineties running railways, sacking all the drivers and then seeing generally befuddled that there's nobody left who knows how to make a train go. We see industrialists who, rather than pay decent wages or negotiate with the elected representatives of their workers, will provoke a strike, and then dismiss hundreds of trained people with years of experience and cobble together a workforce of scabs who have absolutely no idea what they are doing.

But we are asked to believe that such leaders of men should have the right to lecture head teachers about the skills needed by modern industry. How appropriate, then, that one of the powers of the new Action Zones will be to scrap the agreed pay and working conditions of teachers. The Conservatives gave employers back the right to treat their own workers like scum. David Blunkett is giving them the right to dictate that public sector workers should be treated like scum.

I am not suggesting that the Government is intending to give rotarians complete control of education. I'm arguing that they should be given as much as it is wise to give. Employers should perhaps place adverts in local papers saying: "We reckon that in about a year's time, our offices will want redecorating and we might need a couple of people who can speak Japanese. Beyond that, businesspeople are far too short-sighted to offer any suggestions about the future."

Their status as local worthies is bound up with the idea that they

People depend on employers for a living but that does not mean that deference is owed

"create" jobs, although it is never said when they lay people off that they have destroyed jobs. The jobs are simply "lost", as if by accident. It is true that people depend on their employers for a living, but that does not mean that deference is owed. I depend on the brewing industry for recreation but I don't value their opinions.

Since the Government is finally dispensing with the principle that service providers should be democratically accountable, perhaps a percentage of seats on every council should be reserved for the largest employers in the locality. In the interests of fair play a ballot could be held in each work place, with all workers obliged to vote for their managing director.

The business community could be given ex-officio posts at the Department of Education, the curriculum authority and on the governing bodies of schools. Then they could really start to shape what is taught in schools. Kids need to learn that the chemical constituents of water are oxygen, hydrogen and acid waste. Biology teachers would redraft the food chain to show that the natural diet of cattle is manky sheep pats. And, in physics, children would have to expand to them the Extended Warranty Terms of Master, whereby everything spontaneously falls apart shortly after the manufacturer's warranty expires.

I HAVE been asked by the sacked Martin Klein, who is in London to thank Guardian readers for contributing more than £7,000 to their Christmas appeal.

Read the latest European news without using a phrasebook.

The Guardian

SMALLWEED

Nobilmente ma pochissimo giocoso (Ting) interrupts by e-mail: You have still not explained the term heteroecadacy, which you used in your column last month.

Smallweed nervously replies: You have not been attending. I explained this condition in this column as recently as April, 1993. It's a concept, I quite clearly told you, referring to random patterns of distribution. It is frequently debated about by statistically trained sociologists, psephologists and similar troublemakers, who possibly use it even in marital quarrels.

With all respect, I'm still not quite sure what it means. Plus Lento con Peppermint (Nuncheon) playfully whines: "What the hell is making you so heteroecadacy today? I explained this condition in this column as recently as April, 1993. It's a concept, I quite clearly told you, referring to random patterns of distribution. It is frequently debated about by statistically trained sociologists, psephologists and similar troublemakers, who possibly use it even in marital quarrels."

Allegro ma non troppo (Bolton-Deane) writes: Last week you wrote of Archbishop Benson that he went on about the way to choose cats or to fold a rocket. What's a rocket?

Smallweed eruditely retorts: A close-fitting surprise-like vestment proper to bishops and abbots. Surely everybody knows that.

SI WAS saying: In the dulcet fields by the frozen stream, sweet snowdrops and humble haconites...

Smallweed jocosely concedes: Neither am I.

MY LOCUBRATIONS last week (what a gorgeous word: let's hear it more often in '98) on Sicket, the Bensons and others has produced a fat postbag of revelation and anecdote about some of the Peakabids (People Everyone Should Know About But I Don't Whom I Listed. The Bensons, I discover, are even more peculiar than I suggested. EW, who went on to become Archbishop of Can-

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

I'm sorry I haven't the space for the story about the parrot. As for Walter Sicket, I'm told that a book by Stephen Knight names him as part of a three-man team which made up Jack the Ripper. No Benson, it's thought, was involved.

NEW YEAR advice from the people's psychiatrist Raj Persaud: this year, we should learn to say "no". Advice Smallweed suspects Raj may have taken himself when

terbury, first proposed marriage to Minnie, his wife, when the maiden was only 12. It's not clear that the marriage was happy: the honeymoon was said to have been a disaster, and though they produced endless children, none married.

After EW died, Minnie came out as a lesbian. One shudders to think what would have become of the family had the News of the World as promptly edited been around at the time. One source of discord between the Archbishop and Mrs Archbishop was Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer (and another adherent of Sappho). The Archbishop, I'm told, could not stand her, though she admired not just his brains but his looks: "The sight of his majestic form approaching the tea table scattered my wits," she recorded, "as an advancing elephant might scatter a flock of sheep."

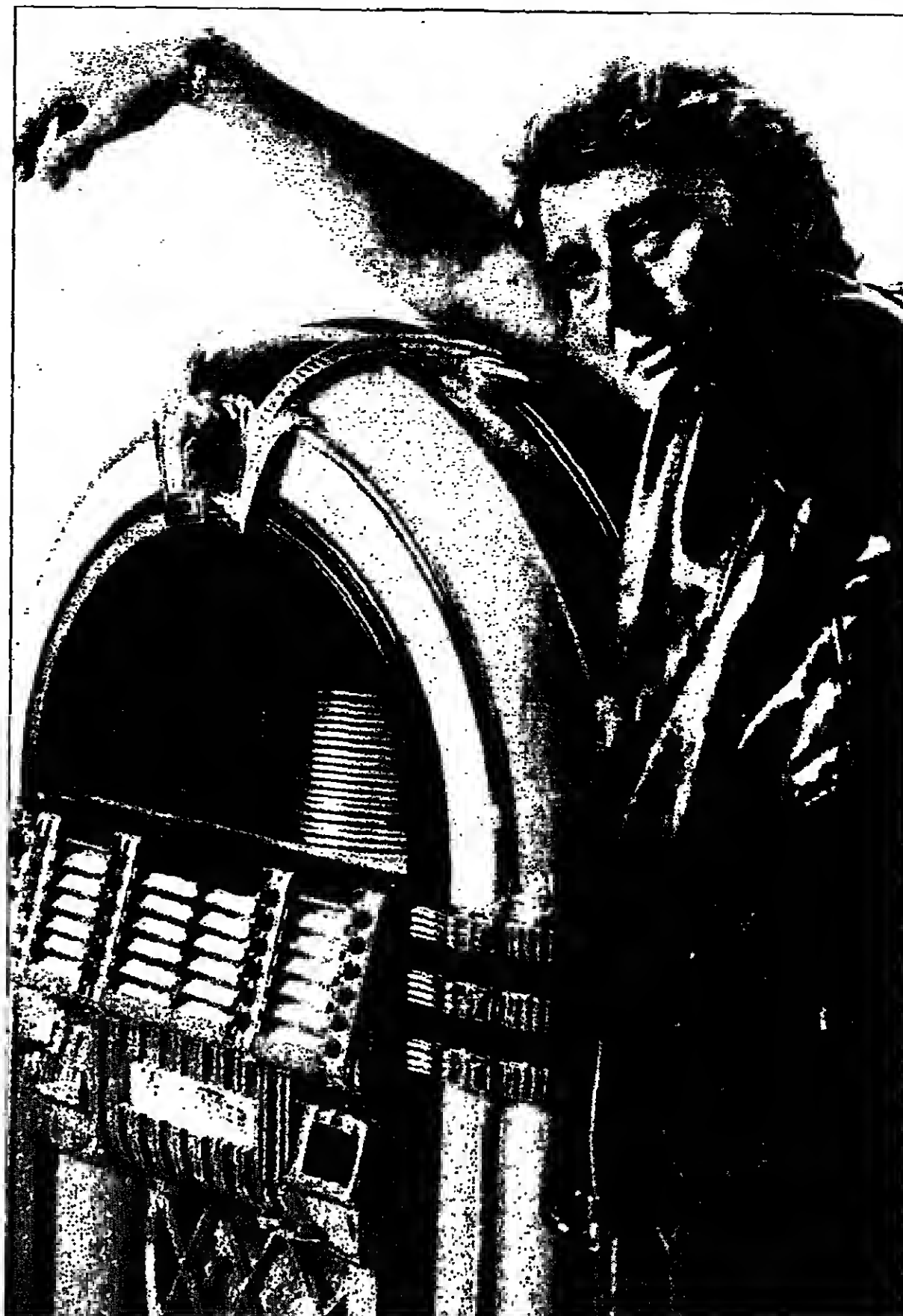


Sacre bleu! French pop is, how you say, not bad

Robert Yates explains why an enduring musical joke is no longer funny



French bread and butter — the Gallic rock 'n' roll hero Johnny Hallyday (right); Vanessa Paradis (far left) a one-hit wonder here with Joe Le Tass; and behind the masks, (left) Daft Punk the new hot hope
Photograph of Vanessa Paradis: S. JAMMER



It's touching to witness. Fully grown-up French people are all of a flutter because we — yes, the ill-famed British whose opinion they normally affect to disdain — have finally given them a much coveted seal of approval. French pop, it appears, is now okay. To be precise, a bunch of French dance acts — Air, Daft Punk, Dimitri From Paris — have been pronounced fashionable by fashionable London. But it's a start.

Our confrères at Liberation, the liberal French daily, are so excited that next week they're sending over a journalist to get the low-down. It gets even better when reporter Laurent Rigoulet explains the interest: "Well, we like to think we're good in literature, good in cinema, but, er, we've had this complex about our pop music..."

Have they ever. And what has made it worse is that they always tried so hard. Rock, especially the French take seriously, as if by studying it they might understand the secret formula. The French rock magazine, *Les Inrockuptibles*, is a joke-free publication in which the musicians' pearls of wisdom are gently collected and carefully burnished. Still, it makes for amusing reading to have the musings of some indie kid from Burnley translated into *philosophie*, though "we just want to have a few drinks and a laugh" reads not much better in French.

As for the French bands themselves, they tend not to receive much respect from their countrymen. "You could always recognise a French rock band," says Lydia Barbarian, a Parisian who broadcasts for French radio from London. "dyed black hair, wasted look". Hence it's no surprise that the above names on the "approved" list are all dance acts. French rock is still to be redeemed.

If you are French and want to be in a rock band, the first rule has long been to work on the Keith Richards look, an older Richards version preferred. "They're still in love with that rock romance thing that the British now laugh at," says Barbarian. "Things never really progressed beyond the garage years, all Velvet Underground, and taking heroin, or at least looking as if you had."

"It's a love that never dies to judge from the pronouncements this week of 54-year-old Johnny Hallyday — the cod Anglo name a rebel yell in itself — who told *Le Monde* that his "dream is to die violently without realising it. Like James Dean." Hallyday is the patron saint of those provincial bars where the pinball machine is the main feature and there's always a twentysomething in a blouson, rehearsing his Elvis routine.

For most French teenagers, contemporary American, and especially British pop have long held sway, all cherished with a rare reverence. When I taught at Montpellier lycée in the late eighties, the very bright pupils who had just prepared a paper on the War Poets or DH Lawrence, would earnestly ask if we could go over the lyrics of a Simple Minds or Cure song. It was enough to turn you into FR Leavis, warning the kids that the singers' diction was disgraceful and syntax in popular music was not to be trusted.

But part of our seriousness about rock has always been wanting some proper content," says Barbarian. "All of your English irony, or nonsense or bubblegum, the French never really went for that. The lyrics had to say something. I find it difficult to imagine the idea of a French Spice Girls."

A French Spice Girls would all be Posh, all vying with each other for the perfect move. However, there was, you may remember, a teenybop French import in the late eighties, in the tiny shape of Vanessa Paradis whose British success heralded nothing more culturally significant than the abiding marketability of a cute Lolita.

The odd thing about this French liking for serious, po-faced rockers is that the chanson, their own traditional popular song, happily accommodates irony wit

and irreverence. (The lycée pupils seemed to find the genre talented, partly because of the government regulations which insisted that radio transmissions had to carry a certain native quota. The regulations worked, of course, to turn them off the chanson, much as cranking down on English language "imports" had them shouting "cool weekend" as if it were a mantra.) But as soon as the earnest young men strapped on their electric guitars, it was cue struggle and pain.

"French rock bands never managed to be that young, anyway," says Isabelle Traclet, a native of Marseille who now works in London for dance record label, Deconstruction. "And to explain that, you would have to look at the wider culture. We don't necessarily have all this youth culture business that you lot automatically grow up with where young kids meet up, go somewhere dirty, take drugs." (Is this it? Our bright new youthful image? "And then music tends to come out of this."

Jack Lang, one-time minister of culture, tried to encourage rock roots. "But all he did," says Traclet, "was encourage people to bang drums in the middle of estates. Nothing original came out of it." There were — and remain — fewer outlets for the would-be rock trainee in France. Live music is prohibitively expensive, while clubs tend to be for an older set. "But how we suffered, not

having that culture," quips Traclet. "We had to go on our *mohabettes* (motorised bikes) to the beach instead!" Which always struck me as the most sensible attitude the French could take to this Anglo-American virus — rise above it, resist trying to play a game they couldn't win.

Asked by a visiting mischief-making English pal whether she could show him some French popular culture, an old girlfriend of mine reached for her bookcase and pulled down a copy of Proust. Still, they persisted. So, what's changed? What has possessed the normally sober magazine of the French Institute, Tandem, to declare "All is not lost for the young artists of France. Just as English football has been able to welcome French players and turn them into local stars, the international club scene knows how to forget its prejudices." The entente cordiale has come about, as Tandem suggests, on the dance floor. Air, the Parisian duo of the moment, trade in kitsch disco with delectable melodies. Like compatriots Dimitri and Daft Punk, they have no rock baggage. Lyrics are not much of an issue, and laid back wit is the currency instead of angst. It's music that travels easily, with no bulky instruments to clutter up the Eurosax.

"There is no scene in France," says Liberation's Laurent Rigoulet. "It's only the British interest that has brought all these

Who's who dans le rock Français

In Air
The sound of Bright New France, or one that makes dance music for people who don't really want to dance. Parisian duo who used to be dirty indie rockers but now make innovative, electronic music or high-grade easy listening, depending on your prejudices.

Daft Punk
Not punk, but semi-daft, the duo makes bold dance music. Since last year's success, were useful in softening the British up for the French invasion. Present gratitude could turn...

groups together." Much of the French stuff making waves in Britain sells better in the UK than at home. The irony is that the most successful French pop in terms of the native market hardly exports at all.

This is French rap, a genuine phenomenon according to Rigoulet, managing to be both "cutting-edge" and "top 10". (The rapper MC Solaar has had some joy in the Britain in the last few years, but he hardly set a precedent.) Rap is the sound of the

Out Johnny Hallyday
Sees himself in great rock outlaw tradition, but is more Liberace than Little Richard. His chief purpose now is to remind cocky countrymen high on their new modishness just how fallible they really are.

Jean Michel Jarre
Author of terribly portentous slabs of synthesiser, often accompanied by a vast bank of lights, producing a sort of son at lumiere show out of Blackpool. Somehow persuaded Charlotte Rampling to marry him.

ciés, the council estates on the edge of France's big towns, scenes of recent riots. The music has been boosted by the high-profile international success of La Haine, the recent Mathieu Kassovitz film, which portrayed life on a *cité*. "France now has the biggest rap market after America," says Rigoulet. "For once we have our own good French pop. And you British are not hearing most of it. Ah, normal service resumed — so much for the rapprochement."

John Cunningham launches a new game — spot the modern icons hanging in art galleries

Hanging out with spitting images

If you only pop into an art gallery a) to get 10 minutes' refuge from the sales; b) you've heard they're great places for sexual encounters; or c) the loo are safe for smoking spliffs, then a new game has started which could be your sort of thing. It should be called Spitting Image, but that title's already been nicked. So spot the Likeness will do just as well. Actually, it's a very old game. The Greeks or Romans probably invented it; medieval churchgoers played it as they gawped up at the frescoes; and it was played by anyone who gazed at formal portraits from the 17th century onwards.

Anyway, Spot the Likeness has just started a new round, for no reason other than that

the diarist in the London Evening Standard noticed that the main figure in a Joseph Wright painting of 1768 in the National Gallery — a figure with a lined and furrowed face, pupils dilated and long dishevelled hair — looks astonishingly like Peter Stringfellow, the swing-fellow of London clubland.

This set off a search for other famous lookalikes in the capital's galleries — and beyond. The most striking instance we've found is a portrait of Lady Agnew of Lochnaw: you'd swear it was Eleanor Bron playing an heiress in a Victorian melodrama — except that the portrait of the dark-eyed beauty is of a real (but now forgotten) Scottish worthy by John Singer



Life imitating art (clockwise from left) — Eleanor Bron and Lady Agnew of Lochnaw; Peter Stringfellow and Joseph Wright's Experiment On A Bird In The Air Pump, in the National Gallery; Millais's version of Joseph the Carpenter and Bobby Charlton

Sargent. It's in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh. Three possible candidates were cited in the Tate. The best contender was Millais's Christ in the Home Of His Parents: the figure of Joseph the carpenter could pass for Bobby Charlton. You'd have to screw your eyes to see model Kate Moss as the virgin in Burne Jones's King Cophetua And The Maid. And in spite of the enthusiasm of one gallery-goer who sees the countenance of

Nigel Hawthorne in a self-portrait by Joanna Reynolds, we weren't convinced. We thought the National Gallery might win the Lookalike Venue of the Year (the new cultural award that awaits only a sponsor before it's launched). As well as the Joseph Wright, there's a Bronzino of a cupid kissing Venus. All very rammy, with Cupid fondling the goddess's nipples. This spirited display of heterosexuality (leaving aside the question of an under-age cupid) has not

stopped some visitors remarking that the golden locks and ruddy cheeks of the cupid could belong to Chris Smith in his younger years. This is an appropriate reference culturally to the Heritage Secretary though perhaps not sexually, as Chris is open about his preference for male rather than female anatomy. So the great National Gallery scores only one — the same as that much smaller treasure-trove of paintings in the West End, the Wallace Collection. There you can see



the rubicund figure of a drunk: "Oliver Reed" many have gasped. In fact, it's a 17th century Dutch work by Ferdinand Bol. "It's a big joke here. He's called the Toper," says Jo Hedley the gallery's curator of pre-1800 pictures. "He's lurching out with a glass in his hand." At the Wallace, they at least have a sense of humour — at one larger national institution we were humbly told, in our Lookalike quest, "the curators don't get involved in that sort of thing".

While she draws no conclusions about likenesses travelling across generations, Jo Hedley does say that it's not uncommon for an art expert to remark on seeing someone with an 18th- or a 17th-century face. As for what the phenomenon means for G-string man Stringfellow and that old reprobate Reed, surely being able to claim as classy ancestors handsome portraits hanging in public galleries is a snobby bonus for the nookie-about-town. Not that Pete and Ollie ever would.

arts



It took vision and 200 tonnes of steel to build Britain's biggest sculpture. **Peter Hetherington** talks to the team behind it

On the side of the Angel

The Making Of The Angel Of The North

Even before it is erected, Antony Gormley's 200-tonne Angel Of The North has become Britain's best-known piece of public art. But is the object that will go up next month a sculpture or an amazing feat of engineering? Five stores high and with a wingspan as big as a jumbo jet's (52 metres or 169 feet), it will stand on a mound by the site of a colliery beside the A1 on the southern approach to Gateshead. It will be seen by over 90,000 drivers a day, as well as passengers on the main east coast railway line.

The project has provoked both ringing praise and withering criticism. Gormley has been stung by remarks about "fascist" art, arguing that the whole idea of the monument has been tarnished by totalitarian regimes. As a result, at one stage he says he suffered a slight crisis of confidence. But the Angel has now captured the imagination of the north-east. Gateshead Borough Council, which has nurtured the project since the early nineties and put together the £200,000 of Lottery, European and private money that paid for it, claims it will be the most dramatic piece of engineering in the north since the building of the Tyne Bridge in the twenties.

Antony Gormley: I was first contacted at the end of 1994 by Gateshead Council. They talked about a competition for a landmark sculpture, but I did not pay any attention to it. I was rather busy at the time, and when someone from Gateshead rang me up and said, "Look, we would like you to take this seriously," my reply was, "I don't do public art." Sid Henderson: We have only one gallery in Gateshead, and it's very small, so the idea was, why not go to the public with art? The problem is, if you go down any high street, from Arundel to Alnwick, public art is all the same. There's no individuality. There's got to be some sort of statement, or opportunity for individuality to express itself. There used to be a colliery on the site, and we said that would be an ideal place for a sculpture, a landmark. Everybody agreed.

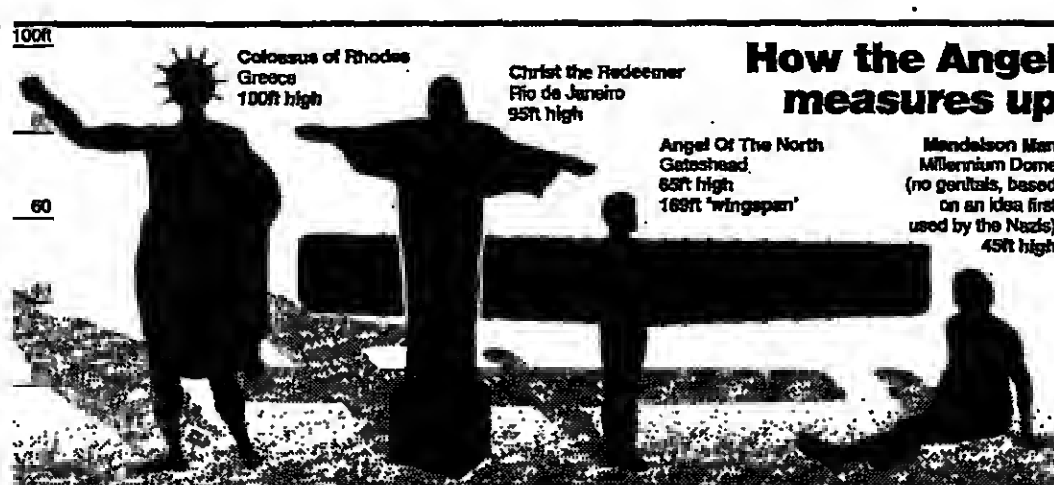
We spent hours looking at contemporary artists and their work. We saw this image of the angel that had been exhibited by Antony — at Malmö. I think — and we decided to

go for him. He came to the site, a mound, and said, "This is very inspiring." He could envisage the feet going into the roots of the earth and the Angel reaching to the sky with aspirations for the future. What could be better? The size was... well, difficult to comprehend. Antony Gormley: They were very persuasive. They sent me some material and I was immediately intrigued. What is marvellous about the site is that it is very much a working landscape, with the motorway and everything. There's a mound on the site of an old colliery, and this was already saying that something went on underground. Meo worked under there for 200 years, and out of that came the coal that gave rise to the history of the north-east, and that should not be lost. Sid really does have a vision. He believes that human diversity is as much in danger as biological diversity that McDonald's culture is providing more and more of less and less. He sees the Angel as being a resistance to that.

Bill Stalley: A chap from Gateshead came to us with a model of the Angel in a big wooden crate in a box van. They just took the front panel off the crate outside and we all trooped into the back of the van and had a look. What did I think? You want an honest answer? I didn't have an opinion apart from the fact that this was a contract — work. Neil Carstairs: Antony Gormley had a clear idea of what he wanted above the ground, but it soon became clear that the foundations had to be larger than any of us envisaged if the wings were to take substantial wind forces. The idea was to take Antony Gormley's model and enlarge it without changing the dimensions in any way — and that could have meant it being fatter at the bottom — and we found it was just possible to keep to his plan.

One hundred and fifty tonnes of concrete have been poured into piles, which will root the structure into solid rock 20 metres below the surface and enable it to withstand winds of more than 100mph. A concrete slab 1.5 metres thick has been laid on top, topped by a 5.3-metre plinth on which the angel will stand, secured by 62 three-metre bolts. I think it will look very impressive.

Bill Stalley: We have dealt with Neil Carstairs's firm [Ove Arup] successfully in the past, and a company of that standing wasn't going to get involved in a white elephant. Instead of the Angel being completely manufactured in steel, they were looking to cast the body up to



Cast of characters



about chest level. The wings, the top, and the head were still to be fabricated.

We were well aware of the £200,000 budget the council had. We looked around for one or two firms that could make castings, but they were just so far off the budget that we thought it would never go ahead. A few days before the tenders were due in, we sat down and came up with the idea that we could fabricate the central core, to which we could then attach the ribs and an outer skin. We did a quick estimate and got it down to somewhere near the budget.

Sid Henderson: We saw it as an opportunity for engineering, using traditional skills, and were determined to keep the work in the area to provide jobs. It's provided work for 20 men in Hartlepool. One of them said to me: "It's nice — we're going to be able to show our children what we actually do." It's a one-off, a huge feat of engineering. Bill Stalley: The raw material, the plate, is weathering-grade steel with a small amount of copper content, which forms a protective coating. Antony had various models based on a cast of his own body, which was used as the final shape, and we sent it to the geometrics department at Newcastle University. They did a scan for the shape, and that information was fed into computerised machines, which cut the shapes we needed. The ribs were then attached to the outer core and then we started to form the skin.

The wings were simple and straightforward. We finished them in October. Once the body is completed in the workshop, we will bring it outside and line it up to the wings. Then the whole thing will be transported to Gateshead in three sections — two wings and a body. It could take a week or 10 days to erect. The biggest problem is wind. We've got to get the body lined up, then lift up the wings and put them into place by bolting and welding. Antony Gormley: It is important to me that the Angel is rooted in the ground — the complete antithesis of what an angel is, floating about in the ether. It has an air of mystery. You make things because they cannot be said.

I hope it is never a symbol in the way a trophy is. It is about asking questions about this transformation between the industrial and the information age, about whether art can be a focus for people's hopes and fears. We now have what used to be an angelic faculty — the Wright brothers' flight in 1904 in some way set the tone for the century — and the Angel is reminding us that we have enormous potential, but it comes with enormous danger. So it

Welcome to another world... above, how the Angel Of The North will look next month

PHOTOMONTAGE: NORTH NEWS AND PICTURES

celebrates and acts as a warning at the same time. It generates as much fear as excitement. Bill Stalley: It will look absolutely perfect. For our company, there's a lot of pride in this. As the job developed, people started to say "Oh, this is going to be the biggest sculpture in the UK," and you start to think "Hey, we're on to something here. What we've made will be in the public eye for generations, and we're the people who've made it." Really it is not a sculpture: we've reproduced what was on a drawing. I'd never heard of Antony Gormley, although I don't class myself as a follower of art. But he's a good bloke, one of the guys, and likes a good chinwag with the men.

Antony Gormley: I think the project has got to Bill a bit. You can tell by his body language. I am only a very small part of this, and it should be very much seen as a collective effort. Even if you don't like it, the engineering is extraordinary — like building the Forth Bridge without the banks on either side. Art in the 20th century has been characterised by the individual's pursuit of his own freedom. The point about this work is that it has been built by a lot of people for a lot of people.

James Buxton: It is a very powerful image. People talk about images when they talk about paintings, but not when they talk about sculptures — and this has become the best-known sculpture in the country before it has even been erected. I do not see it as provocative, but here is a sculpture that has provoked reaction — it has stuck in the imagination. Gateshead Council has stood by this through thick and thin. They recognise that art can be used as a means to reposition a town.

Eddie Smith: I think it's great. It will do for Gateshead what the Tyne Bridge did for Newcastle. It's got people talking. People say "Did you buy the pub because of the Angel?" but we honestly didn't. Maureen Adamson: It's awful. I'm more traditional. I prefer ordinary things. But I could be in the minority. I'll never like it, but it is something we have to accept. Eddie Smith: Oh, Maureen, you've got to move with the times. Antony Gormley: I'm not looking for uncritical adulation. I do not think Mount Rushmore is any good or that the Statue of Liberty is a particularly good piece of sculpture. This might not be any good, but I am optimistic. It is an experiment...

Racing

Sharpical geared up to drop blinkered approach

Nicky Henderson is looking for a classy show in big race. **Chris Hawkins reports**

IT IS five years since Nicky Henderson moved up the road from Lambourn to Seven Barrows when Peter Walwyn vacated the famous stables set amid the splendours of the wild, old open spaces of the Berkshire Downs.

Over 400 acres of land, steeped in history and mythology, go with the place and as Henderson stands high on the gallops surveying the scene he still cannot get over the grandeur of it all.

"Even with 102 things to think and worry about (normal for a racehorse trainer) you can't fail to notice the hollows, the hills and the sky it's marvellous, a tonic every day," says the man awaiting a working group of horses, but quickly emerging from his reverie to bark orders about steadying the pace of the gallop.

Henderson has plenty on his mind all right. He is like

the mayor of Seven Barrows, a community on its own in the middle of nowhere. There are seven houses and two hotels. A staff of 45, including two grooms, men, and always someone with a question.

He rode 75 winners as an amateur when assistant to Fred Winter, has been training jumpers for 20 years, and he has made a pretty good job of it would be something of an understatement.

He has twice been champion trainer and has had a string of top-class performers, notably the triple champion hurdler See You Then, whose fragile legs were the stuff of nightmares, and chasers Remittance Man, Zongolero and The Hawk.

At the moment, he has a hurdler called Sharpical, who works as brilliantly as any horse he has had, but has yet to reproduce this scintillating home form on the racecourse. Henderson hopes that in The

Ladbroke Hurdle at Leopardstown this afternoon the gelding will finally get it right, equipped for the first time with blinkers.

"Sharpical takes some knowing," explained Henderson. "I can tell you that if anything gets near him at home, then you get down to the beating shoe quick. He's the most brilliant horse on the gallops, loves to be in front, but in the race he needs to be held up."

"I got him off Sir Mark Prescott, who trained him on the Flat, and he told me to work him in front, ride those blinkers from behind. The instruction to the jockey must be to get there at the last and then count to 10. When Mark saw him get beaten by Arctic Weather, the triple champion, he said the reason was Mick Fitzgerald only counted to eight."

"Mind you, Sharpical was rated about 40lb behind Arctic Weather on the Flat and was only beaten two lengths at levels, so hurdles must have improved him a bit. He's a very good, quick jumper, but doesn't like the firm — that's why he got beaten at

Haydock after Aintree. During the summer he had a serious holiday — he'd had 14 races on the Flat and went straight in jumping so he was entitled to a good break.

"He went to the Kingwood Stud for the summer and came back physically very different, so much stronger. At Ascot, on his one run so far, he finished second to Mr Markham. The field got very spread out that day and there were only five runners and there was no cover for him."

"He loves to travel in a big field. He's like one of those Minis in the film the Italian Job — you can switch him around all over the place and he loves it."

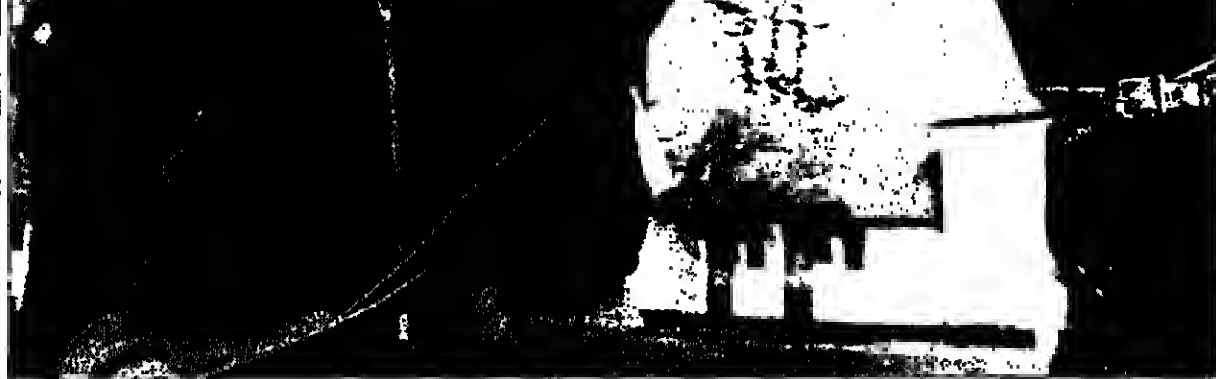
"He's come on for the Ascot run and has done everything right since then, but I can't help going back to that Aintree race and think blinkers will help him. If he handles the heavy ground at Leopardstown, and I think he will as he's worked so well on the soft, he'll travel well on the bridle."

"I think he'll be able to stay with them all right, but when he gets to the run-in it could become a struggle and that's when I think the blinkers will help him."

Corry Brown, Sharpical's wily work-rider, is not quite so loquacious and puts it more succinctly: "He's in great form. If he's third at the last he wins."

As can be gathered, Henderson has a tremendous enthusiasm. There is an aura of positive vitality about him and the speed with which he moves about the yard, supervising and organising, makes it hard to keep up.

If anything can beat Sharpical at home, I know who my money would be on.



Leading contenders... Nicky Henderson and Sharpical can return from Ireland with the spoils. PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARON

Celtic Abbey can strike it rich for Williams

Ron Cox

VENETIA WILLIAMS, whose stable has come from strength to strength since she was granted a trainer's licence in the autumn of 1995, can secure her biggest prize so far with Celtic Abbey in the Mildmay, Cazalet Memorial Chase at Sandown tomorrow.

Celtic Abbey won the Horse and Hound Cup at

Stratford last season on only his third start since joining the Williams stable. On the first of them, he was going well when unseating his rider at The Chair in the Grand National.

After finishing fourth behind Banjo at Cheltenham in November, Celtic Abbey had to miss the Hennessy owing to a setback. But with the Williams horses in top form now, he should be in good shape for today's assignment.

Sandown Jackpot card

RON COX	TOP FORM
12.30 Lord Jim City Hall	Lord Jim City Hall
1.30 Kadenofor Cyfar Malt	Kadenofor Cyfar Malt
1.05 Cyfar Malt Cyfar Malt	Cyfar Malt Cyfar Malt
3.10 Celtic Abbey (top)	Celtic Abbey (top)
3.40	

Testing, right-handed circuit of 1m5f with 220yds uphill run-in. The three furlong Fences in the back straight place a premium on accurate jumping.

Gallopers: Hardier, Soft Chaser, Good to go, 4 Donkeys Riders. Top form noted. Long distance travellers: Mordred Forte (1.30) and Bold Classic (3.40) J. Adon, Rorides, 374 miles.

Seven day winners: None.

Unbeaten first time: 1.05 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte.

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. F, Flat.

1.00 FAIRLAWNE JUVENILE NOVICE HURDLE	2m 110yds £3,698 (11 declared)
291 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
292 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
293 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
294 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
295 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
296 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
297 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
298 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
299 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
300 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

1.30 ANTHONY MILDMAY, PETER CAZLET MEMORIAL	2m £7,061 (6 declared)
301 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
302 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
303 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
304 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
305 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
306 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
307 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
308 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
309 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
310 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

2.05 SUN PUNTERS CLUB NOVICE CHASE	2m 110yds £15,925 (8 declared)
311 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
312 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
313 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
314 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
315 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
316 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
317 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
318 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
319 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
320 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

2.35 SUN 'KING OF THE PUNTERS' TOLWORTH HURDLE	2m 110yds £15,925 (8 declared)
321 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
322 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
323 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
324 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
325 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
326 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
327 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
328 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
329 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
330 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

1.50 PERSE LEOPARDSTOWN HURDLE	2m £22,750 (6 declared)
331 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
332 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
333 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
334 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
335 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
336 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
337 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
338 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
339 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
340 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

1.15 FITZPATRICK HOTEL GROUP NOVICE CHASE	2m £26,850 (5 declared)
341 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
342 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
343 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
344 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
345 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
346 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
347 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
348 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
349 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
350 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

2.25 THE 12TH LADBROKE HURDLE	2m £46,975 (20 declared)
351 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
352 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
353 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
354 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
355 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
356 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
357 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
358 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
359 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
360 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

3.10 ANTHONY MILDMAY, PETER CAZLET MEMORIAL	2m £7,061 (6 declared)
361 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
362 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
363 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
364 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
365 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
366 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
367 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
368 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
369 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
370 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

3.40 HANOVER NOVICE HURDLE	2m £3,095 (5 declared)
371 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
372 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
373 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
374 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
375 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
376 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
377 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
378 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
379 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
380 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

Lingfield (A.W.)

RON COX	TOP FORM
12.55 Sandhill Ltd	Sandhill Ltd
1.25 Sandhill Ltd	Sandhill Ltd
2.00 Sandhill Ltd	Sandhill Ltd
2.30 Sandhill Ltd	Sandhill Ltd
3.00 Sandhill Ltd	Sandhill Ltd
3.30 Sandhill Ltd	Sandhill Ltd

AP weather, Equinix, left-handed, of just under 1m with run-in of 300yds. Soling Standard, 4 Donkeys Riders. Top form noted.

Derby: High numbers slightly featured.

Long distance travellers: Swan At Whitley (7.00) R. Fahy, N. Yorks. 145 miles.

Seven day winners: 7.00 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte.

Unbeaten first time: 7.00 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte, 3.10 Mordred Forte.

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J, Jumps.

12.55 TYRONE MAIDEN STAKES	1m 5f £3,436 (10 declared)
381 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
382 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
383 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
384 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
385 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
386 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
387 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
388 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
389 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
390 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

1.25 ANTRIM LIMITED STAKES 3YO	1m 5f £2,159 (5 declared)
391 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
392 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
393 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
394 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
395 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
396 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
397 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
398 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
399 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
400 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

2.30 DOWN CLAIMING STAKES	1m 5f £2,806 (7 declared)
401 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
402 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
403 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
404 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
405 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
406 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
407 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
408 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
409 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
410 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

3.05 FERNANAGH FILLES' HURDLE 3YO	7f £2,190 (7 declared)
411 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
412 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
413 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
414 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
415 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
416 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
417 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
418 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
419 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
420 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

3.35 FERNANAGH AMATEUR RIDERS' HURDLE	2m £2,806 (7 declared)
421 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
422 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
423 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
424 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
425 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
426 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
427 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
428 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
429 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59
430 P/O Haggis (10) 11-9	D. Thompson 59

COURSE SPECIALISTS	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
2. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
3. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
4. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
5. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
6. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
7. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
8. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
9. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
10. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36

Results	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
2. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
3. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
4. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
5. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
6. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
7. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
8. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
9. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
10. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36

COURSE SPECIALISTS	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
2. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
3. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
4. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
5. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
6. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
7. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
8. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
9. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
10. Jumper	75	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1. Jumper	2. Jumper	3. Jumper	4. Jumper	5. Jumper	6. Jumper	7. Jumper	8. Jumper	9. Jumper	10. Jumper

Drugs and Sport

Ruling body rules out Chinese ban

Christopher Zinn in Sydney

SWIMMING's world governing body made moves last night to deal with the biggest drugs scandal in the sport's history. But Fina said it saw no reason why the entire Chinese team should be sent home from the world championships in Perth.

Fina broke its silence as the Australian Customs Service considered charging one of the Chinese for trying to smuggle in a prohibited growth hormone.

Tests have confirmed that 13 vials found in the bag of the 21-year-old breaststroke swimmer Yuan Yuan at Sydney airport were human growth hormone and not, as the Chinese had claimed, a herbal remedy.

Gunnar Werner, the Fina secretary, said: "We consider this a most serious offence. The doping panel will have to investigate."

Fina has been criticised for a softly-softly approach to the issue of drugs in the sport and Australia's head coach Don Talbot accused it yesterday of "leading from the back".

But Werner said the body would be invoking a rule allowing it to treat trafficking of banned drugs as a doping offence which carries a minimum suspension of four years.

"It is evident that the coach Zhou Zhewen and the swimmer Yuan Yuan, both of China, have violated the rules and regulations of Australia in bringing a banned substance into Australia," Werner added.

"This crime shall be regarded as a violation of Fina regulation concerning trafficking."

Werner, a Swedish lawyer, said their national team made up of three of the six lawyers on the Fina doping control committee.

The panel would be operational by today and would be given powers to widen the investigation if necessary.

Werner said the Chinese federation would also have the right to an appeal, if required, through the International Olympic Committee's Court of Arbitration in Sport in Switzerland.

"The (Fina) bureau has not considered taking any action against the (total) team," Werner said. "We have not seen any reason to do that. It's up to them to decide what to do now."

Earlier, the Customs Minister Warren Truss said the Chinese team had been told of the results and although Yuan Yuan and her coach were going home charges could still follow.

"As far as the breach of the law is concerned there are penalties which can be imposed by the courts. In small quantities in cases in the past there haven't always been prosecutions undertaken."

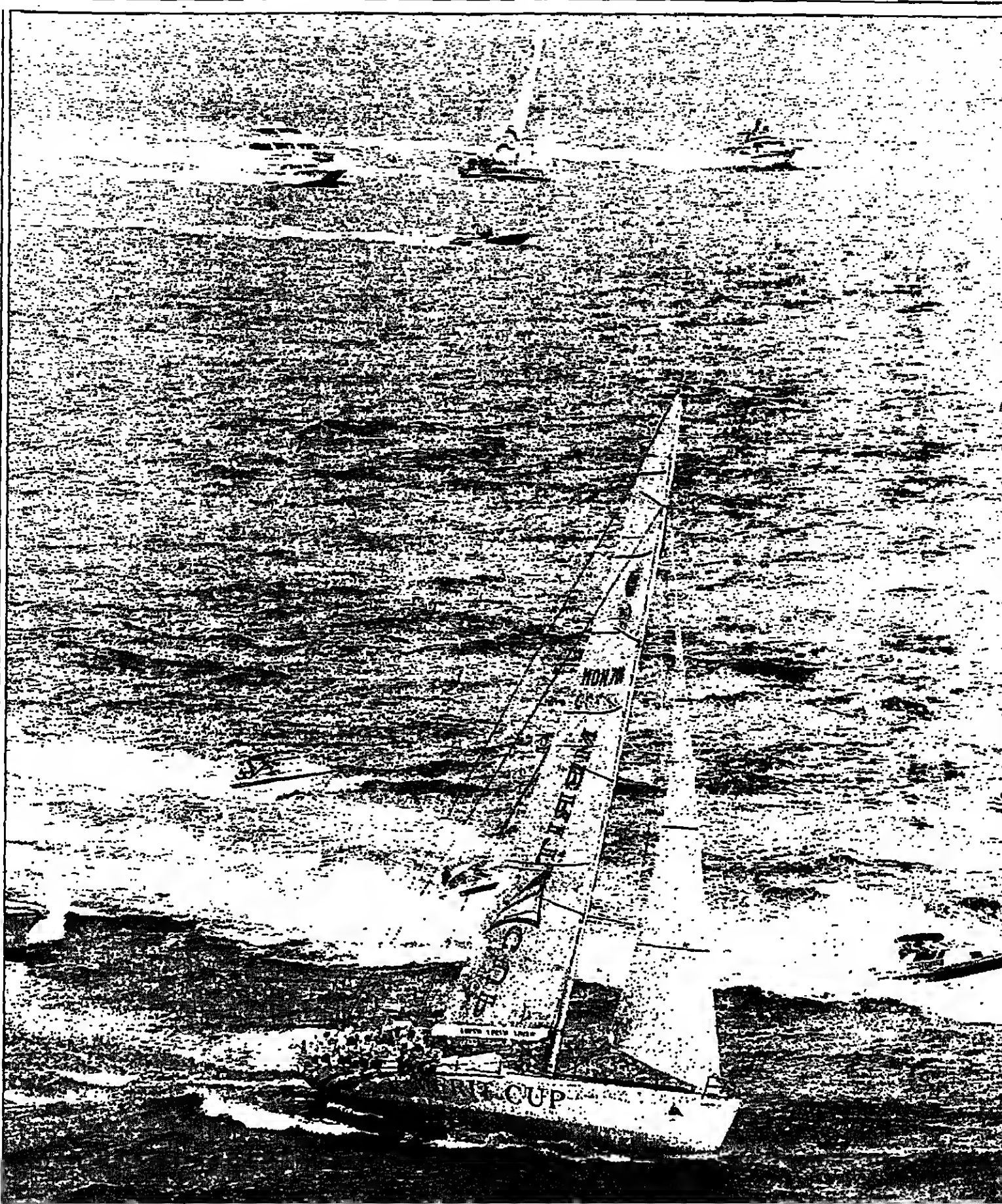
While the Chinese team trained under police guard, the head of the World Swimming Coaches' Association Peter Dolan said he doubted they would stay to compete in the rest of the games. "There's a very strong possibility of withdrawal," he said.

And the veteran coach Forbes Carlile, a member of the association, added: "I don't see how they can be allowed to stay. If they swim I'd be surprised."

"They're caught with that amount of drugs on your person and you're part of a team, the whole team is implicated. They should be put on a plane and sent home."

Australian Government scientists carried out two separate tests, which were then checked at a hospital, to confirm the vials contained HGH, which is a prohibited import under Customs regulations.

Some Chinese travelling with their national team had alleged the swimmers had been framed. The Chinese embassy in Canberra said the Chinese Swimming Association had decided to send Yuan Yuan home where she could face some sort of penalty.



Close-hauled... Merit Cup beats Toshiba in a magnificent finish to the fourth leg of the Whitbread Race from Sydney to Auckland

STEPHEN MUNDAY

Sailing

Silk Cut limps in despite slashed mainsail

Bob Fisher in Auckland

SILK CUT's navigator Steve Hayles revealed last night how the British boat survived potentially crippling damage near the end of the fourth leg of the Whitbread Round the World Race, won by Grant Dalton's Merit Cup from Dennis Coughlin's Toshiba yesterday.

Silk Cut came in sixth, but only after suffering sail damage an hour before crossing the line.

"Just over an hour from Auckland a tack fitting on the jib blew out in over 30 knots of breeze in a very humpy sea," Hayles said. "And as the sail blew back it smashed into the mainsail, punching a hole the size of a football through the middle. The sail damage summed up what was a very disappointing leg for us."

Despite this setback Incovaloo Kvaerner, which was trailing Silk Cut, was unable to take advantage.

"The sail damage was unfortunate but it didn't affect the result," said Hayles. "All eyes were on the horizon but as we were less than 10 miles from the finish and 10 miles ahead of Kvaerner there was never a danger of their catching us."

Silk Cut is now lying in seventh position overall, 114 points behind the leading yacht EF Language, but her skipper Lawrence Smith refused to be dejected.

"The Whitbread is a nine-leg event," said Smith. "We've only completed four legs and there are still plenty of points on the table. Sure, the last two results have made things difficult for us, but not impossible."

Smith and his crew plan to take a few days off before preparing for the fifth leg from Auckland to Sao Sebastiao in Brazil, which begins on February 1.

Tennis

Rusedski on the fast track

Richard Jago in Doha

DISORIENTING was the word for yesterday. European winter weather swept Arabia causing sweaters to be worn under the desert sun.

And it was also the word for the day today, with Rusedski facing France's Fabrice Santoro before a likely meeting with one of his most obstructive rivals, Goran Ivanisevic, and Henman facing Petr Korda before further options can be considered.

Both Britons are fitter than they have ever been, and may cope well physically if they win and are not delayed again by more bad weather. But umpires and linesmen may not.

When the season begins today at about 1 pm local time the officials may not have eaten for seven hours. There is a prospect of seeing some struggling to resist a snooze on the line or fighting the desire for the dusk breakfast rush.

The first ATP Tour event to be held during Ramadan has thus been unlucky, though it is far from unattractive. The timing has enforced some unique adaptations to local customs but, shifted to create a trio of events with Sydney and the Australian Open, this million dollar event now heralds the first Grand Slam and starts the Tour.

It could become the first ATP tournament in which Rusedski and Henman face each other in a final. But there will be some curiosities to observe before that happens.

Agassi proves hard enough

ANDRE AGASSI reached his first ATP Tour semi-final for 11 months in Adelaide yesterday, recovering from a dreadful first set to beat the unseeded New Zealander Brett Steven 1-6, 6-1, 6-1 in 94 minutes in the Australian men's hardcourt championships.

France and the Slovak

Republic reached their first Hopman Cup final when Mary Pierce and Cedric Pioline won singles matches against South Africa in Perth to give their country a 2-0 lead and the Slovak mixed doubles pair, Karol Kucera and Katarina Kucerkova, beat Australia's Patrick Rafter and Anabel Ellwood.

Boxing

Heavy-duty Jones to challenge Hide

John Rowling

HERRIE HIDE of Norwich, the World Boxing Organisation super-middleweight champion, may meet Roy Jones, generally regarded as the world's best fighter, pound for pound, this summer.

Jones, the Floridian who has held world titles at middleweight, super-middleweight and light-heavyweight, is ready to step up to heavyweight and Hide's promoter Frank Warren is travelling to the United States next week to set up the fight.

No world middleweight champion has gone on to take the heavyweight crown since Britain's Bob Fitzsimmons in 1897, but 29-year-old Jones, fabled by a huge egg, is believed to have run out of

meaningful opposition in the lighter divisions.

Having won the International Boxing Federation middleweight and super-middleweight titles and the World Boxing Council light-heavyweight title he is prepared to provide a make-or-break fight for Hide, 25, whose only professional defeat was a hammering by Riddick Bowe in Las Vegas in 1995.

Hide reclaimed the WBO title in November by beating Tony Tucker and his first defence may be on February 28 against Darroll Wilson, a 31-year-old American who beat Shannon Briggs three years ago.

Jones could be the lucrative opponent to follow, possibly in an open-air double bill with Naseem Hamed against the spectacular Canadian Arturo Gatti at Wembley stadium in July.

Chess

Karpov speeds past Anand to remain world champion

Leonard Barden

ANATOLY KARPOV has managed to cling on to the title world title. The 46-year-old Muscovite, who had missed chances to defeat India's Vishy Anand in classical play, won both speed-chess tiebreak games at the Olympic Museum in Lausanne yesterday to retain the championship by a 5-3 margin. Karpov won \$280,000, Anand half that amount.

The Indian No.1, who is regarded as a speed-chess specialist, will particularly rue his performance in the first game, in which both players had half an hour on their clocks.

Playing confidently as black, he was a pawn up with a strong position until a casual exchange suddenly allowed Karpov an edgegame counter with rook, bishop and a pawn which advanced to queen.

Anand, now needing to win as white to stay in the match, cracked completely in the next game, wildly sacrificing

two pawns then a knight for a non-existent attack. Karpov coolly consolidated by simple play before launching his own counter-attack and Anand was forced to resign on move 33.

Now negotiations will resume for a unifying championship match, most likely in Spain, against Garry Kasparov, who holds a break-away version of the title.

Kasparov is the world No.1 and has spoken disparagingly of a sixth series against Karpov, but he needs the legitimacy that ownership of the undisputed world title would give him.

Karpov, for his part, would welcome a chance to restore some of the credibility he lost in his latest championship defence by controversially being given a bye to the final at Lausanne.

For Anand the future is bleak. The Indian now has the label of a suspect temperament at the highest level because of the manner of his capitulation yesterday and his earlier match defeats by Kasparov and Kamsky.

Cricket

Guyana Test in danger

ENGLAND's third Test in the West Indies may be switched from Guyana because of political unrest in Georgetown.

The hotel in which the team is due to stay has been hit by one of two small bomb blasts in a wave of anti-government protests. The Foreign Office, describing the political climate as "tense and volatile", is advising against travel.

England are not due in Guyana until February 19, but Lord's officials are monitoring the situation.

The England squad arrived in Jamaica yesterday and went straight to Sabina Park to see Courtney Walsh take three for 15 before lunch against Barbados.

Last Sunday's limited-overs international between England and Kenya has been declared a no result. England were originally awarded the match under the "rain rule" when the game was washed out, but it later transpired that they should not have been. The team will now go

into today's final match in the series in Nairobi only one up. Somerset have signed the 36-year-old off-spinner Adrian Pierson from Leicestershire and Hampshire's Stuart Millburn, who took 39 wickets in 21 first-class matches for the county, has retired because of his shoulder injury.

In the latest World Series Cup match in Brisbane, South Africa beat New Zealand by two runs in a thrilling last-ball finish. South Africa piled up 300 for six in their 50 overs, with Gary Kirsten hitting 103 from 115 balls, but New Zealand recovered superbly from 124 for six and were denied victory only by a brilliant Lance Klusener catch off the last ball. Allan Donald, who collapsed from exhaustion during the match, recovered to take four for 43.

Zimbabwe tumbled for a crushing defeat by Sri Lanka in the first Test in Asgiriya. Replying to a bome total of 469 they were skittled out for 140 with the off-spinner Muttiah Muralitharan

taking five for 23 in 29 overs. Muralitharan added a sixth wicket at Zimbabwe, following on, reached 71 for two in their second innings.

NEW ZEALAND: First innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: First innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Second innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Second innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Third innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Third innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Fourth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Fourth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Fifth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Fifth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Sixth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Sixth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Seventh innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Seventh innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Eighth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Eighth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Ninth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Ninth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

NEW ZEALAND: Tenth innings (overnight 46-2) 50 overs: 1-0-0-0. 2-0-0-0. 3-0-0-0. 4-0-0-0. 5-0-0-0. 6-0-0-0. 7-0-0-0. 8-0-0-0. 9-0-0-0. 10-0-0-0. 11-0-0-0. 12-0-0-0. 13-0-0-0. 14-0-0-0. 15-0-0-0. 16-0-0-0. 17-0-0-0. 18-0-0-0. 19-0-0-0. 20-0-0-0. 21-0-0-0. 22-0-0-0. 23-0-0-0. 24-0-0-0. 25-0-0-0. 26-0-0-0. 27-0-0-0. 28-0-0-0. 29-0-0-0. 30-0-0-0.

WEST INDIES: Tenth innings (

Football

Michael Walker on the Liverpool goalkeeper who fears he could lose his place between the posts to the American Brad Friedel

James desperate to save his shirt



On the way out? ... David James has not missed a game for four years

CLIVE BRUNSKILL

IT IS a moment David James and every goalkeeper visiting St James' Park must dread, that first goal-kick in front of the seething Gallowgate End. Sure enough, as soon as it arrived on Wednesday night James turned to face a choir of thousands wallowing in their signature chant: "Dodge Keep-ah, Dodge Keep-ah".

James may not have found much consolation in the thought that every opposition keeper receives the same treatment but he could take comfort from the news that it was not difficult for the neutral to feel sympathy for Liverpool's much condemned No. 1.

After all, for the second time in 10 days at Newcastle James had performed with apparently nerve-free competence and yet despite such elegant professionalism as a one in football is aware he is a man experiencing the meaning of job insecurity.

Whether or not James is proved correct today he fears he could lose his job altogether and has had a meeting with the Liverpool manager Roy Evans about the situation. The player ready to usurp him is Brad Friedel, the American recently arrived at Anfield whose work permit requires him to play in 18 matches — 75 per cent of Liverpool games — from December 22, the date of his registration.

With 18 Premiership matches now left, plus a two-legged Coca-Cola Cup semi-final against Middlesbrough, the possibility of another match — the final — Evans finds himself with only three games in which to manoeuvre. And given the acrimony preceding the Department for Education and Employment's granting of the permit it seems likely it would cancel Friedel's licence swiftly. Then Liverpool would lose not only a goalkeeper but also the £1 million paid to the United States Soccer Federation for him.

Behind the scenes at Anfield there is bewilderment and annoyance that Evans has let the situation get to this stage. It is pointed out that just across Stanley Park Everton had a similar predicament when Howard Kendall,

having bought Thomas Myhre from Viking Stavanger, had to drop a legend, Neville Southall, but did so ruthlessly. Southall is now with Southend United.

Evans, in contrast, is accused of sentiment and of bowing to the opinion of senior Liverpool players such as Paul Ince. After the disastrous home defeat by Coventry City last Saturday in the FA Cup, the captain's first statement concerned his keeper. "I just want to make a point," he said, "that David James should not be dropped from the Coca-Cola Cup quarter-finals."

James, not blamed for any of Coventry's three goals, duly retained his place but privately is said to fear the axe today. The theory is that while Evans did not want to risk Friedel in such a hostile environment as St James' Park on a wet night, he will be assured a warm reception at home to Wimbledon today.

If so it would represent a personal calamity for James who has not missed a Liverpool game for almost four years. Not since February 19, 1994, when he came on for Bruce Grobbelaar at Elland Road has James observed a Liverpool game from the bench — 203 consecutive appearances.

Many will be staggered by that statistic, because in more than a few games James has been less than steadfast in particular his walking windmill display in Paris last April in the Cup Winners' Cup semi-final will live long in his critics' memories.

And yet of late, James — still only 27, Friedel is eight months younger — has been in good form and a notion gaining credibility is that James has been just as unsteady by his critics as they have been by him. The absence of a robust centre-half has been significant in Liverpool's inconsistency.

But now for the first time there is a capable replacement training alongside James at Anfield under the tutelage of Joe Corrigan, and judging by Friedel's demeanour the American does not want to keep his match gloves clean much longer.

"I'll be patient for as long as I can see light at the end of



On the way in? ... Brad Friedel is 'ready to play' DAVID LEAH

the tunnel," he said this week. "But if there isn't any, then I'll stop this."

Should Evans persist with Friedel, the decision will be made for Friedel and there should be no shortage of takers for a player with 53 United States caps. Rangers have shown an interest while only DFE regulations prevented him being Newcastle's keeper after the 1994 World Cup.

"I actually signed a contract with Newcastle," said Friedel. "But I came over on a visitor's visa and never got the chance to play — the DFE wouldn't give me a work per-

mit. It has been frustrating not playing first-team football in the short time I have been at Liverpool, but it was far worse then because I knew I wouldn't be able to play however well I did in training. At least I have a chance here, I am ready to play. Today could be the day."

Three Liverpool fans jailed for four months with another four suspended after a street brawl before a UEFA Cup match in Strasbourg last October are to be released on condition they leave France immediately and do not return before October, well after the World Cup finals.

Cat in ashes triumph

Football Diary

Martin Thorpe

SO farewell then Smokey the cat. The famous moggie whose home for 11 years was Queens Park Rangers' Loftus Road ground, was knocked down by a car in August and killed.

After his cremation his ashes were kept in the Loftus Road office. But it appears that Smokey felt a bit confined and seems to have made his displeasure known. Since his demise the form of Rangers and Wasps, who share the ground, has been nothing short of miserable.

So both clubs decided to do something to change their luck for 1998. On New Year's Eve they sprinkled Smokey's ashes on the pitch. And since then the form of both teams has, er, risen from the dead.

"Things are certainly looking up and we think it's down to Smokey," said Sarah Holt, who works in the Loftus Road office. "Smokey was a QPR through and through and everyone knew him. After he died we kept his ashes in the office. But, with things not going so well on the pitch, we decided to scatter them outside. Now I think our luck is changing."

MONEY, cars, houses, holidays, share options, flying in relatives. The list of inducements for players and managers to join clubs is endless. But for the person who takes charge of the Anglers Arms Sunday League side in Northumberland, it is bait of a different kind.

The post of team manager carries with it a season's permit to fish free on the nearby River Coquet — normal price £3,500. The idea was that of John Young, the pub manager, who was having trouble booking someone for the post. "It is bribery but desperate needs lead to drastic measures," he says.

John nearly contacted that keen angler Jack Charlton but then thought he was too big a fish.

NOTTINGHAM Forest's e-mail newsletter nearly had supporters booking trips to Scotland recently. Part of the instructions on how to pay for merchandise included the line: "If you can buy a postal order in Stirling, that will be okay." It took two hours to trawl through the 300 complaints.

CUE jokes about drawing first blood, adding bite up front and fear of crosses. Coventry's new signing Viorol Moldovan was born in Transylvania, 14km (8½ miles) from Dracula's castle.

AFTER flash motors, "speed garage" is now the music of choice for motor racing Premier League gear. "We had around £20 million in Premiership footballers in on the same night," claims Dave Norton of Twice As Nice, a Lambeth club, in the Big Issue. "They spent most of the night on the dance floor and there was champagne aplenty." Rio Ferdinand, Ian Wright, Jamie Redknapp and Robbie Fowler get a mention they might not want their managers and dietitians to see.

IT SEEMS to be a BBC disease. Hot on the controversial heels of John Motson's admission that he struggled to tell blacks apart comes news that Sue Barker has similar problems. On a recent Question of Sport they put a picture of Ade Mafe, the Chelsea fitness coach, whom the contestant identified as Frank Sinclair. Correct, said Sue Barker, who awarded the point. Asked in the next Chelsea programme what message he would put on a T-shirt, Sinclair replied: "Sue Barker. I am not Ade Mafe."

FOOTBALL imitates life. In the week when it was revealed that the average British boy is as thick as a Premiership wage packet, the in-form Sunderland striker Kevin Phillips was the subject of a questionnaire in the club's fanzine A Love Supreme. In it he revealed that his favourite book is Paul Gascoigne's "autobiography". Worse, he said that it is the only book he has ever read.

Did you hear about the Georgie fan who thought Help the Aged was Newcastle United's campaign to find a new striker.

Premiership-preview

Berti's baptism of fire at United

Russell Thomas

THE BOOKMAKERS have decided. The ageing Axis powers of Jürgen Klinsmann and Nicola Berti cannot win the battle against the English young bloods of Manchester United at Old Trafford today.

The punters overwhelm-

ingly believe United's home will become a Theatre of Nightmares for Christian Gross's strugglers, even if Tottenham's Swiss coach, greatly assisted by the German, has just brought in that inexhaustible Italian, Berti.

But the odds are that the midfielder, given his debut today, and his new teammates will soon run out of gas

against United. William Hill are offering 13-2 against a Spurs win — the longest-ever odds in a fixture between these North-South rivals.

How the 30-year-old Berti, stuck on the Internazionale bench this season, will fare against United's youthful midfield is one intriguing question; another is how Teddy Sheringham, compares with his former Spurs team-mate.

The Englishman, 31, calls Klinsmann, 33, "the ultimate strike partner". Sheringham prospered alongside the German at White Hart Lane and promised: "At the end of my career I'll be proud to say I played alongside Jürgen."

If Sheringham does not score, the odds are that Andy Cole will. Indeed United's 19-goal striker has been heavily backed at 18-1 to deliver a hat-trick today. Cole's task may not be hindered by the 20-year-old Norwegian Espen Baardsen being pitched in for only his second start in Spurs' goal.

Roy Hodgson yesterday took an eye off his second Carling Manager of the Month award to focus on Derby and their leading

scorer Francesco Balzano. Blackburn know this Italian is an ultra-sharp threat at Pride Park tomorrow.

Hodgson knows Balzano from his Serie A days and — shades of the old Klinsmann — questioned another side of his game. "He is a very dangerous customer, particularly in the area. He goes to ground quite easily and sometimes he gets penalties." Without his suspended team-mate Stefano Eranio, Balzano will be taking them as well.

Bentha's eyes are still on Ian Wright, who would not comment yesterday on Graham Souther's reported £4 million offer, despite Arsène Wenger's resistance to any deal for the 34-year-old.

Wenger, preparing to confront Leeds — and George Graham — at Highbury, praised the striker's "determined attitude on his return at West Ham in midweek."

"He's simply not for sale," said Wenger. "It's not in the club's interest to sell our best players. Ian is the best I've ever worked with. We would never be able to replace him. It took 40 years to find a scorer like him."

Kendall blasts Spurs

Ian Ross

THE Everton manager Howard Kendall yesterday launched a vitriolic attack on Tottenham Hotspur over their handling of the Andy Hinchcliffe's proposed move to White Hart Lane. The left-back's £3 million switch was called off amid much confusion on Thursday afternoon after Hinchcliffe was told he was not fit enough to complete his transfer.

As Kendall condemned Tottenham's actions as "disgraceful", the London club switched their attentions to another left-sided defender. The player now targeted by the Spurs coach Christian Gross is believed to be Juventus' 28-year-old Portuguese international Manuel Dimas,

who is available for £1.5m.

"The whole affair is beginning to look like a Brian Rix farce," Kendall said yesterday. "The way things have been conducted is not at all professional. I am hearing conflicting reports in the media as to why they pulled out of this deal but I have heard nothing official from Tottenham themselves."

"This is not a case of us being upset because we don't now have £3 million to spend. This is about a player's future."

Having gone so far down the road to signing a player, to then pull out just because he might be unavailable for one game is an absolute nonsense. I feel for the lad. He has been scrupulously honest and then has been treated like this. It's a disgrace."

The Chelsea manager Ruud Gullit also had harsh words, but for one of his own players — the Norwegian goalkeeper Frode Grodas, who earlier this week accused Gullit of damaging his chances of selection for the World Cup by leaving him out of the Chelsea side.

Grodas, a member of Chelsea's FA Cup-winning team last May, has been ignored this season. But Gullit revealed that the player had turned down the chance to join the Belgian club Antwerp on loan for the rest of the season, and that no English or Scottish club had expressed any interest. "The fact is that nobody wants him," said Gullit. "You'll have to ask him why he's staying. Maybe he's the money. If he doesn't want to go, we can't do anything."

Scottish preview

Gascoigne may be punished for 'flute' playing incident

Patrick Glenn

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION's chief executive has given the strongest indication yet that Paul Gascoigne could be punished for impersonating a flute-player as he warmed up during the second half as a substitute in the Celtic v Rangers match.

Ferry is threatening to discipline Rangers and the England midfielder unless the Scottish champions take appropriate action. He also suggests that the club should make any punishment public.

"Gascoigne's action was unprofessional and inflammatory," said Ferry. "Having down this road before I wonder to what extent the association's signals to club and player have been heeded. If necessary, then I am in no doubt that the association will bring this message home graphically."

Gascoigne is likely to be confined to the bench again today as Rangers seek to recover their form in the match against Aberdeen at Ibrox. As well as being troubled by the off-field controversy he has had influenza.

Walter Smith, the Rangers manager, considered that Gascoigne was not ready for a full 90 minutes against Celtic eight days ago as he had been missing for five weeks because of suspension. "Now flu has kept him from making

the progress that a normal week's work would have brought," said Smith. "He did a little training yesterday and is virtually in the same position as a week ago."

Gascoigne has been affected by the same virus that caused the defender Joachim Björklund to miss the Old Firm match, which Rangers lost 2-0 to reduce their Premier Division lead to one point. The Swede is back in the squad but Ian Ferguson, Gascoigne's fellow midfielder, has also contracted the illness and will not play today.

Aberdeen have already forced two draws with Rangers at Ibrox and Pittodrie and their optimism has been heightened by victories in their last two matches under their new manager Alex Miller that have taken them off the bottom of the league.

Celtic travel to Motherwell without the defender Enrico Annan, who has been allowed to go back to Italy because his father is in hospital. The full-back Stephane Mahé, recovered from injury, is likely to replace him as the only change to the side who beat Rangers.

Dundee United will have the Cameron striker Jean-Jacques Misse-Misse in the team for the home match against Kilmarnock. The international quit Trabzonspor as a free agent when the Turks could not pay his wages.

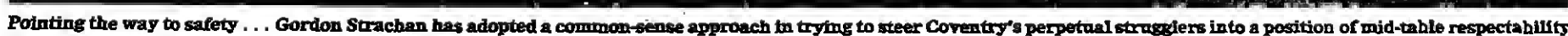
The second greatest site in English football.

For full previews of every Premiership fixture, live scores, plus our unique Clipboard service and match reports hours before they hit the news-stands.

Visit the greatest site in English football.

The Guardian The Observer

سكوتيا من الانجليز



Martin Thorpe on the manager making the most of Coventry's limited resources:

straightforward and honest disposition has fitted easily into the Sky Blues' culture of common sense from the day he took over from Ron Atkinson in November 1986.

It is unlikely that as Coventry's manager he will be able to purr over the sort of talented company he kept as a player during service at Manchester United and Leeds. Yet instead of complaining, Strachan is commiseratingly realistic.

"Some players are more committed than others," he says of his young squad. "But that's human nature. If they give you 100 per cent of what they've got, which might not be 100 per cent, you can't see from another player, they can't fault them."

Strachan's respect for, rather than criticism of, his players' human failings is refreshing in a manager who has helped the squad accept the truth about their shortcomings without fear.

themselves from relegation regulars to pillars of the mid-table establishment.

But Highfield Road has seen more false dawns than an Arctic winter and, with today's game at Chelsea followed by the visit of Arsenal, Coventry's resurgence faces a huge test.

"I really can't tell if we've turned the corner," says Strachan, "but it is in our grasp and that alone is good. I'm

has recently forked out a bargain £250,000 on the criss-crossing George Boeteng. But he admits: "I still need one or two more in there to really compete."

Of course these calculations will be tested when Strachan is eventually forced to sell players to help balance the books. As John Salako and Dublin have yet to sign new contracts, they are the ones currently being linked with

sure a couple of months ago people wouldn't have taken much notice of the Chelsea game but I'm now expecting us to do something, which is a different pressure the players will have to get used to."

Almost from the moment Jimmy Hill took them up City's problem has been inconsistency. So far this season injuries, and a worrying level of suspensions have

But yesterday's signing of the Romania striker Viorel Moldovan for £3.25 million shows just how much Strachan and the club mean business.

The voluble Scot looks on Moldovan's arrival as a particular inducement to Huckerby to continue "properly utilising the tremendous talent we know he possesses".

The challenge for Coventry's squad is similar: to maximise their potential consistently.

Strachan just hopes that, for the first time, he is not being unrealistic.

Charlton's Alan Curbishley must decide whether to play Bradley Allen or Mark Bright up front against the First Division leaders after Carl Leake's £300,000 move to Wimbledon. Matt Holmes has recovered from a knee injury and will be a substitute.

Crystal Palace are set to make a move for Temur Ketsbaia, the Georgian international signed by Newcastle on a free transfer from AEK Athens last summer. After a bright start Ketsbaia has spent most of his time on the bench lately and Kenny Dalglish may be prepared to listen to offers.

Steve McManaman has been named Carling Player of the Month for the first time. The 25-year-old England player pipped his club-mate Michael Owen and Manchester United's striker Andy Cole for the award.

Concerning the parallel bid by Germany, he underlined that Fifa would not sanction a joint undertaking like that which prevailed for the 2002 finals, to be held in Japan and South Korea. "I do not think this will be done in future. It is better for the whole event to have only one organiser."

England's bid director Alec McGivern welcomed Blatter's comments, saying: "We are making serious progress with our bid and are gathering support on the worldwide stage."

The bids will be presented to Fifa's executive committee in 2000, with a decision expected in June of that year.

Pharmaceuticals **Leeds** to **Basildon** £200,000;
Leeds to **Leamington** £200,000;
£200,000; **Wigan** West **Brentford** to **Crystal Palace** £200,000; **Leeds** **Wolverhampton** **Oxford** to **Sunderland** £250,000; **Stones** **Charlton** **Southampton** to **Birmingham** £250,000; **Albion** **Plasma** **Leeds** **Asford** to **Leamington** £250,000; **Leeds** **Leamington** to **Millwall** £300,000; **Norwich** **Leeds** **International** to **Tottenham** £300,000; **Mill** **Manchester** **Manchester** **United** to **Wigan** £300,000; **Black**

Leicester	21	9	5	3	13	11	4	1	4	12	10	4	26
Aspen Villa	21	5	6	2	13	14	2	3	6	9	13	-2	26
Newcastle	20	5	3	4	16	13	2	4	8	9	12	-4	26
Wimborne	20	5	2	6	16	14	2	7	7	8	12	-3	26
Southampton	21	4	1	4	-16	14	1	2	7	7	-15	-3	24
County	21	4	6	1	17	12	1	2	7	3	16	-8	23
Crystal Palace	21	0	4	5	6	15	5	4	3	13	13	-5	23
Shuff Wed	21	5	2	4	16	17	1	3	6	14	27	-12	23
Barnet	21	3	6	1	9	7	1	3	7	10	26	-14	21
Exeter	21	4	2	4	14	15	1	3	7	7	16	-11	20
Tottenham	21	4	3	4	12	15	1	2	7	7	22	-16	20
Barnsley	21	3	2	5	11	20	2	1	6	6	31	-32	19



Centre of attention
Guscott back in the thick of it for England 20



Keeping watch
James feels the heat at Liverpool 22

The Guardian

sport

www.football.guardian.co.uk

Last of the great amateurs bows to another will

Carling times exit to stop new ruck at The Stoop

Robert Armstrong says the former England captain's departure may help rescue Harlequins from troubled waters

WILL CARLING'S announcement of his retirement yesterday was accompanied with predictable good wishes from Harlequins but the club may be relieved that the former England captain's exit has prevented another damaging power-struggle at The Stoop.

It was no secret that Carling sought preferential treatment from Harlequins' director of rugby Andy Keast, at 35 the youngest coach in the Premiership. That would have undermined Keast's authority among the other players just as the authority of Keast's predecessor Dick Best was challenged, forcing the former England coach out of the club at the end of last season.

In his capacity as England captain Carling was heavily involved in selection and the choice of tactics, yet he invariably played a more modest role with Harlequins, for whom he usually managed only 12 to 15 games a season during 10 years at the club. Matters came to a head with Keast when Carling expected to remain in the first team despite missing training for domestic reasons. Their relationship was further soured by Carling's dissatisfaction over tactics, especially when he was substituted during the recent win over London Irish.

Harlequins, having dropped him from the first team last month, were unwilling to loan Carling out to a Premiership rival and the prospect of dropping down to the lower divisions held scant appeal for a player who has led England to three Grand Slams. The likelihood of Carling fulfilling his contract once his broken band had mended was limited, given the breakdown that occurred between player and coach.

The centre, who captained his country 59 times, said: "Retirement from the game is a big wrench but it's the right decision for me."

His club Harlequins said: "We are saddened but not surprised by Will's decision to retire. His has been a brilliant career at the highest level and he has been a wonderful servant both to rugby and to Harlequins." Though the 32-year-old is only halfway through his three-year contract, worth £125,000, Harlequins have agreed to grant him a testimonial which could earn him another £100,000 in recognition of his service at The Stoop. It has taken Carling almost a week's soul-searching to conclude that the time is right to hang up his boots but few other options were available to him once he had come into

It was no secret that Carling sought preferential treatment from the director of rugby Andy Keast

conflict with the determined coach.

"I've spent the last week considering this decision. Although I've been flattered by the interest of other clubs, Quins is my club and I've always said I would end my playing days here," Carling said. "I'm genuinely sorry the relationship had become strained of late and I wish all at the club, including, of course, Andy Keast and my fellow players, all the very best for the rest of the season."

Keast said diplomatically: "I have the greatest respect for Will as a player and, although things have not worked out as we would have liked over the last few

months, there's no doubt his departure will be a great loss to the squad."

Carling would be the first to admit he has never been the life and soul of the dressing room but his achievements with England, which also included a World Cup final appearance, have rightly earned him immense respect among fellow players at The Stoop.

Difficulties over his responsibilities as a Harlequins professional inevitably arose when he quit international rugby last March and tried to give his rugby career fresh impetus in club competitions.

Harlequins have remained perennial under-achievers because they have too many high-profile players like Carling who tend to use the club as somewhere to keep ticking over while they pursue lucrative international careers. This season Carling, despite being free of England duties, has played only 11 games for Quins, although hampered by injuries.

Notwithstanding his Harlequins and England credentials, the somewhat introverted Carling has never become a *bona fide* member of the English rugby establishment, snubbing Rugby Football Union office and committees and focusing instead on his business and television career.

In rugby terms Harlequins had become his only forum for self-expression as player and leader, yet the narrow constraints of professionalism held only limited appeal for someone who had come to regard rugby as a part-time occupation.

Given Carling's well-documented brushes with controversy — all the way from old farts to Diana, Princess of Wales — Keast, a former Natal coach with more steel than his unassuming, friendly demeanour suggests, may well feel he can for the first time steer Harlequins into calmer waters.

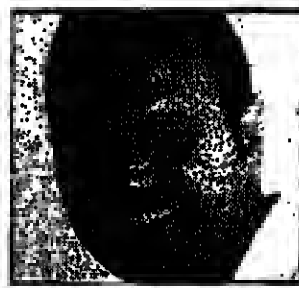
Having finally burned his boats, Carling can set about satisfying his desire for meaningful control in boardrooms and TV studios instead of a jockstrap environment. Truly he was the last of the great amateur players.

More rugby, page 20



NTCARLING, CA 1

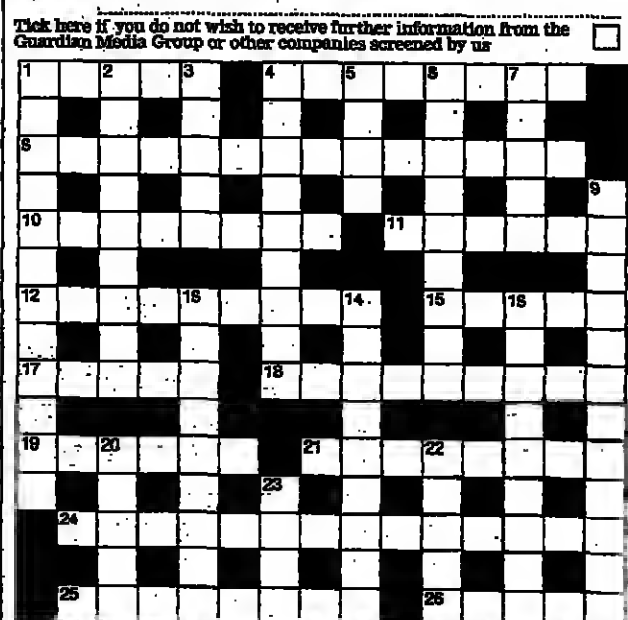
Paul Hayward, the Guardian's chief sports writer, was last night voted Sports Journalist of the Year on Sky Sports' Hold the Back Page. The accolade was decided by a poll among his fellow sports journalists.



Guardian COLLINS Crossword 21,168

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 14641, London, EC1R 3JZ, or Fax to 0171 278 9115 by first post on Friday, January 19.

Name _____
Address _____



Set by Burthorne

Across

- 1 The vale of Oahu (5)
- 4 He produced cycles for mobile butchers... (8)
- 6 ... of which Peter the Painter, enduring one stray bearing, is requiring energy (3,11)
- 10 Listener encouraged to take another shilling (8)
- 11 Split and polish originating

In one man (8)

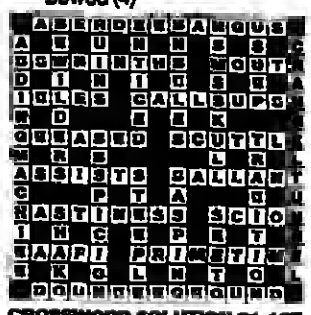
- 12 I'm brief and to the point: no I'm not (9)
- 15 Thus Cyrano inched ahead? (5)
- 17 Destroying angels are recruiting good time soldier (5)
- 18 Note splendid Church House group are backing one's entry with wine and spirit licence (8)
- 19,21 4 across's cycle

negotiating M1 cones hell-run (8,8)

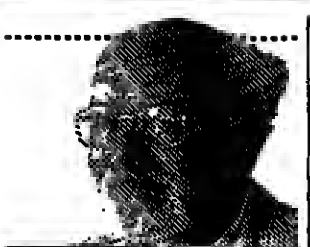
- 24 This makes 4 across's cycle school decline new Ganges model (14)
- 25 It ripens apples, yet Helen failed to grasp it (8)
- 26 Start playing jazz, hot with two objects (3,2)

Down

- 1 Shakespeare's best beloved Laertes? Field another (5-7)
- 2 Ovicide's vessel? (6,3)
- 3 Prospero's aide sounds something of a dish (5)
- 4 Paid in full (9)
- 5 Hopping mad body-snatcher? (4)
- 6 A tip for the porter (4-5)
- 7 Mantras taken from this cult figure (5)
- 9 Post-match occasion ending with DG, reconciliation (7,5)
- 13 Boiled rice and mint combined by a sorbitol of the Hindu Kush (4,5)
- 14 A gift of Demosthenes, in a manner of speaking (8)
- 16 So, if you want the joint done to a turn... (4,5)
- 20 Hollywood writer who reformed the church (5)
- 22 An adherent of natural healing (5)
- 23 This queen's supporters bowed (4)



CROSSWORD SOLUTION 21,167



David Lacey

No time for the referee's indecision to be final

CUP football appeals to the fans' sense of melodrama. All can be won or lost in an instant. Luck plays a big part; so does the referee.

This week controversial refereeing decisions altered the course of ties in each of the two main domestic cup competitions. Neither was intrinsically

wrong according to the laws of the game but both, it could be argued, were unwise. At the end of Sunday's goalless draw between Wimbledon and Wrexham at Selhurst Park the referee, Steve Dunn, was approached by what appeared to be an aggrieved Tottenham Hotspur player, the rotund, bobbled-hatted Wimbledon manager, who was angry because Dunn had blown the final whistle after Neil Ardley had taken a corner but before Marcus Gayle had headed the ball into the Wrexham net.

Most of Kinnear's complaints about referees are unjustified but on this occasion he had a point. If Dunn's stopwatch indicated that time would be up the moment Ardley took the kick it would have been prudent to end the game before the corner had been taken. But, if Dunn did tell the Wimbledon players that there were still two minutes to go, then he blew the final whistle prematurely.

An extract from the official FIFA report on the 1976 World

Cup, when a similar incident occurred, supports this line of argument: "There are views that the game should be conveniently and tactically ended if the ball goes out of play, even though this is slightly before the end of the game, or that the game should be extended to see the outcome of immediate play after the restart."

In that instance the referee concerned was Clive Thomas, whose final whistle in Mar Del Plata arrived a fraction of a second before Zico headed in from a corner and denied Brazil a 2-1 victory over Sweden. The Brazilians went nuts of course, but the game had entered stoppage time, it was the last of three successive corners and seconds had been wasted getting the kick to put the ball in the air.

FIFA appeared sympathetic to the referee, noting that "some defenders had stopped playing on hearing the whistle and before the ball entered the goal". Later, however, Thomas revealed that the following day a World Cup official had told him he should have awaited the outcome of

the corner before ending the match, adding that he would not be given another game in the tournament.

Thomas, a good referee with a showman's tendencies, a cross between Solomon and Cecil De Mille, declared this week that he had been waiting 20 years for another match to be ended in similar circumstances. It did nothing, however, to alter the view that both controversies could have been avoided with a little common sense.

EARLY in the 1970 World Cup finals El Salvador were holding the host nation, Mexico, 0-0 in the Aztec Stadium. The first half was in stoppage time when the ball ran into touch in the Mexican half and the linesman signalled a throw to El Salvador, who moved upfield. But the Egyptian referee, Aly Kandil, awarded a freekick to Mexico, who took it quickly and scored.

In protest El Salvador refused to restart. The referee had to retrieve the ball from the net and bring it back to the

centre spot. When he insisted they kick off El Salvador hoisted the ball into the crowd and by then it was half-time. Mexico eventually won 4-0.

While Kandil had been entitled to overrule the linesman he was guilty of bad refereeing in that the decision had not been made clear to both teams. Middlesbrough's winning goal at the end of Tuesday's Coca-Cola Cup quarter-final at Reading followed similar confusion.

There had been a multi-player fracas in the centre circle, following which the referee, George Cain, appeared to award Reading a freekick. But the kick was then awarded to Boro, taken swiftly, and led to Craig Hignett scoring. It was another case of the referee's indecision being final. When Kandil refereed a match at Ayresome Park during the 1966 World Cup finals he emerged from Marks and Sparks in Middlesbrough as a confirmed sockaholic. Thirty-two years on and Boro have profited from a decision with a hole in it. For Cain read Kandil in the wind.

'Michael Winner occupies an odd place in our national life. All those films and yet he's more renowned for his opinions — thundering forth from Winner's Dinners...'
Sabine Durrant

The Week, page 15

سبحة من الالبر